

INSIDE: George Orwell's Year—A Special Report

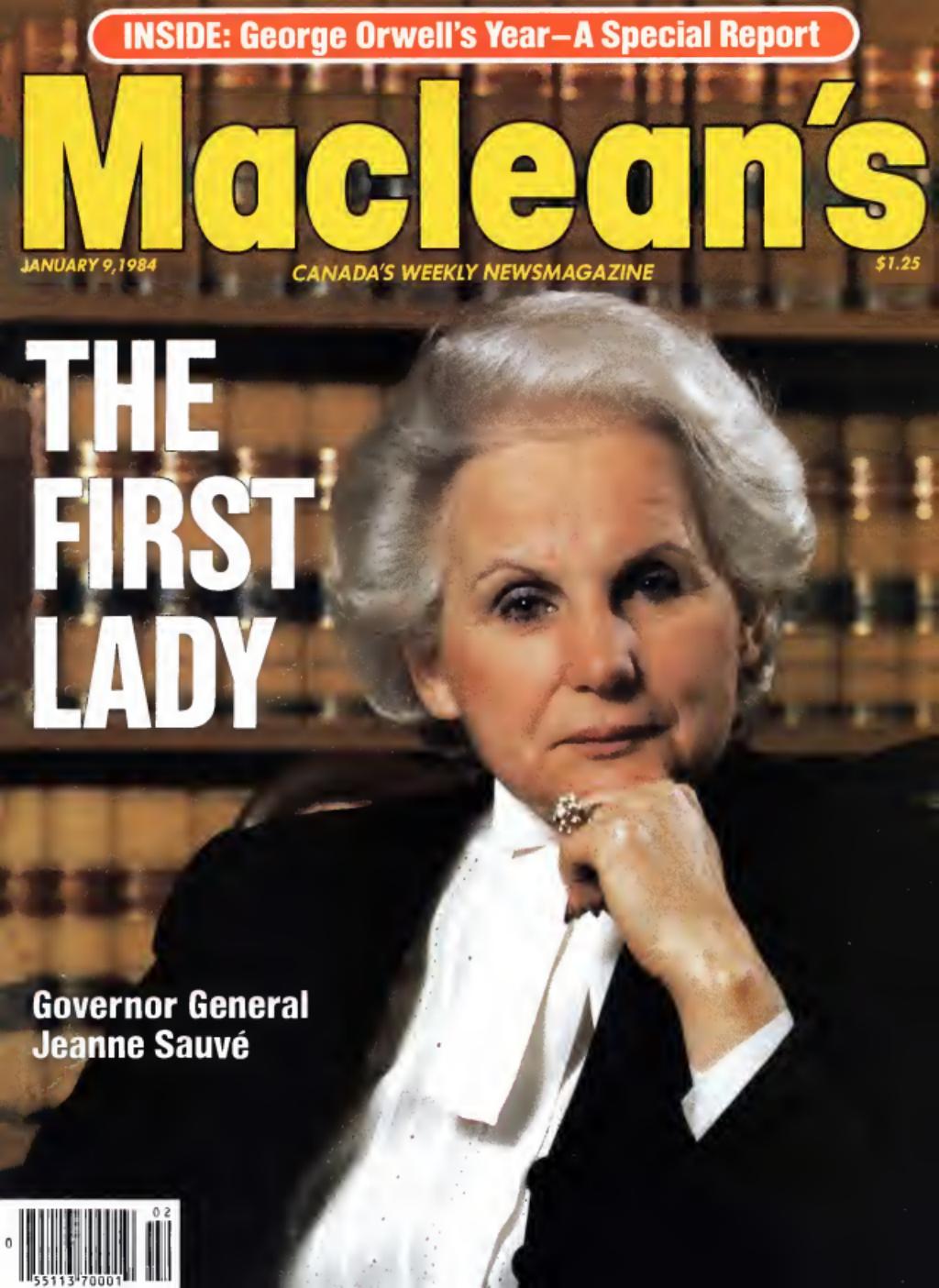
Maclean's

JANUARY 9, 1984

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE FIRST LADY

A black and white photograph of Governor General Jeanne Sauvé. She is an elderly woman with short, light-colored hair, wearing a dark suit jacket over a white collared shirt. Her right hand is resting against her chin, with her fingers partially hidden in her sleeve. She is looking slightly off-camera with a thoughtful expression.

Governor General
Jeanne Sauvé



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Baileys. Our taste is a national treasure.



COVER

The First Lady

The stylish, bilingual Jeannine Sauvé, Canada's first female governor general, is a superb hostess and a matron, dignified public figure. She will bring grace and refinement to Rideau Hall. The Liberal MP and controversial Speaker of the House of Commons has already achieved many firsts in her career, and the vice-regal role seems only fitting. — Page #

PHOTO BY ALBERT RODRIGUEZ/ASSOCIATED PRESS



Pardon in a prison cell

In a symbolic act of forgiveness, Pope John Paul II visited his would-be assassin, Mehmet Ali Agca, in jail, calling him "a brother in whom I have total trust." — Page 25



Programs for thinking kids

Reporting the nation of television sets as transmitters, CBC-TV's children's department has plunged into the real world of kids and their growing pains. — Page 40



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That year in here

Nineteen Eighty-Four, George Orwell's 1949 novel of totalitarianism, still provides a lesson for an anxious world. Maclean's presents a special report. — Page 26



Waiting for Andropov

The 65-year-old Soviet leader missed two key meetings in Moscow amid official denials that he was suffering from the after effects of a kidney transplant. — Page 27

LETTERS

Tory concerns

The provision of "topflight equipment" and "topflight training" for the Canadian Forces is a "topflight" goal (A government is wasting Q&A, Dec. 12). The other Opposition Leader Brian Mulroney mentioned any questionable at best. Instead of looking at "pay and the pride that comes from distinctive uniforms and tried forces," I suggest that he would be better advised to consider such things as the impact of members of the armed forces becoming "managers." He should also look at the impact of professionals in the armed forces (professors, doctors, dentists, and lawyers were acceptable). We now have professional pilots, engineers, logisticians, administrators and administrators but very few professionals "soldiers, sailors or airmen" as such. And, finally, he might want to consider the impact of an absorption in changes in military service from a "way of life" to a "new way." Unification and integration have been the whipping boy for too long. I would like to see the next prime minister take on by the "overall" conservatism that has focused his attention on their impact on service morale and pride to the exclusion of all other factors.

—DONALD E. PETERSON
Ottawa

In your Dec. 5 Follow-up article, A northern drama due, on the closing of the Iron Ore Co. of Canada in Schenectady, Que., in 1982 and the role of Brian Mulroney, in that affair, a statement by union leader Lawrence McMurtry in the closing sentence caught my eye. It



Mulroney: better not be sick or poor

confirmed what I have always believed about Conservatives: their leaders and staff are the laziest, most shiftless bunch of "Mincroats" (sic) a good job for the shareholders. But he did not do much a good job for the Conservative Party. In that respect, he was not nearly what Prime Minister Trudeau complained in his reply to Mulroney in the recent throne speech debate? In effect, he was saying to the people of Canada, "If you change to a Conservative government, you had better not be unemployed, sick or poor."

—HELEN E. LEE
Scarborough, Ont.

A walking contradiction

In reading the special report Trudeau's peace crusade (Cover, Dec. 5) I was haunted by the question that Trudeau, the walking contradiction, poses. In view of his so-called "peace crusade" and the fact that as prime minister of Canada he will be allowing the United States to test cruise missiles in Canada, is he hypocritical? In a paper of President Ronald Reagan's White House executive office on the planet that are capable of such destruction as Pearl Harbor, Hiroshima and K.I.J. 07, I agree we need a peacemaker to avert global annihilation. But he or she must be neutral and possess a high degree of moral fibre.

—BRUCE O'BRIAN,
Prince George, B.C.

Art and an angry taxpayer

For one is my life I work I were an employee of the revenue department (Angry artist against the tax man, The Arts, Dec. 16). I would have loved to send artist Tom Oiley a box of matches. Who does he and the group think they are? I am a pensioner and have fought a war to keep these people safe and comfortable. Even so, I have to pay my share of taxes, based on my pension,

PASSAGES

DECEASED: Juan Miro, 90, the Spanish modernist pioneer and one of the century's greatest painters, of heart disease, in Majorca (page 28).

APPPOINTED: Contralto Maureen Forrester, 33, one of Canada's most renowned opera singers, as chairman of the Canada Council, by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, in Ottawa.

RE-ELECTED: Yasuhiro Nakasone, 65, as prime minister of Japan. Nakasone's Liberal Democratic Party suffered heavily in last month's election, putting his own survival in doubt. But he managed to cling on by clever distribution of portfolios and favors among the LDP's rival factions.

MARRIED: Prince Caroline of Monaco, 26, and Italian businessman Stefano Casiraghi, 23, in a small civil ceremony in Monaco.

REVEALED: The marriage of actress Loretta Swit, 40, who played Margaret (Hot Lips) Hoolihan on the television series *MAJORHOUSE*, to actor Dennis Haysback, 41, whom she met a year ago while filming an episode of the program.

DECEASED: William Demarest, 81, the character actor who played the retired sailor, Uncle Charley O'Casey, on the television series *My Three Sons* from 1965 to 1972. After a heart attack, in Palm Springs, Calif., Demarest also appeared in the first talking picture, *The Jazz Singer* (1927), with Al Jolson.

BORN: Dennis Wilson, 29, the drummer for The Beach Boys, is a diving instructor in the school of Marina Del Rey, Calif. Former U.S. secretary of the interior James Watt, who caused the nation's long rock group as "unwiseheads" during his stay in Washington, D.C., calculation, just two days later First Lady Nancy Reagan called them "fine, outstanding people."

DECEASED: Violet Carson, 85, who played Eva Sharpe in the popular British television series *Cavalcade Street*, in Blackpool, England. Carson played Sharpe from the program's beginning in 1960 until February, 1964.

CHARGED: Money Wills, 31, former star shortstop for the Los Angeles Dodgers and the National League's Most Valuable Player in 1982, for grand theft (auto) and possession of cocaine, in Los Angeles (the theft charge was later dropped). Wills, traded to the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1985, played for the Montreal Expos in 1986, then returned to the Dodgers until retiring in 1991.

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—MICHAEL P. CARRELL,
London, Ont.

Ansel's rule of law

Barbara Amiel's Dec. 16 column, "Ansel and the letter of the law," was as fine an editorial as is likely to read in a very long while. Her logic is indisputable, and it is clear that she performed the necessary research, which is more than can be said for the bulk of the press coverage on the subject. No doubt Amiel will be attacked by her usual assailants for the position she has taken, but their stink, emotional arguments simply will not influence anyone who believes in the rule of law and the credo that a person charged with no offence is presumed guilty on a court of law. —R.E. ALEXIS, Gloucester, Ont.

Letters are welcome and may be considered. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Send correspondence to Letters to the Editor, *Mosaic*, Mosaic magazine, Macmillan House, 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1E7.

just as they have to pay there on the same basis. I suppose that I should, in their opinion, dig a little deeper to pay off some more as they could go along on government grants out of my tax dollars and still avoid their just responsibility. If Ouelley really has the guts to burn his cigarette art, give me his address, and I will willingly send along the matches.

—J. BURTON,
Winnipeg

Keeping a wary Liberal eye

If CPY did indeed fire reporter Brian Morris for writing in the Dec. 10 news that a talk of "the Nazi and the Jew terrorist" (Mosaic, Dec. 13), then the punishment surely seems fit to fit the crime. After all, saying "Soviet entry" rather than "Invasion" may be officially incorrect, but it is not unconstitutional. Israel is a self-proclaimed Jewish state. Then, too, Israeli Prince Muammar Yassaf Shakar was a member of the Stern Gang during the 1940s. We may need to reread the old news reports about the massacre of civilians at Deir Yassin and elsewhere to know that the Stern Gang was one of the most vicious terrorist groups the modern world has produced. Calling Shasot a terrorist is therefore as justified as calling SS leader Yasaf Shakar a terrorist (and nobody seems to mind that). Furthermore, if CPY did make its decision "with a wary eye on domestic Jewish reaction," as you suggest, then I would like to suggest that "domestic Jewish reaction" to Israel's (which, as we tend to forget, always exists) is exerting too great an influence on the standard of affairs in a Canadian TV network.

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The government isn't up to it, in other words. Nor, it could be argued, are other of the nation's institutions, which often act in a quirky way. The city of Mississauga, for example, is the seat of the Denver Boot last year to the consternation of people who had demanded the use many years earlier.

The Denver Boot is following that stamp onto a shield, thus rendering the coat of arms less useful than it could otherwise be. A court recently decided that the Denver Boot was an unconstitutional, a violation of due process. What courts declare yellow banks of metal unconsti-

COLUMN

Big Brother has not arrived

By Charles Gordon

tutional, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is still a few years down the road.

Another thing that happened in the Denver Boot is that people take some of the book. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is the name of a novel in which totalitarianism occurs on a grand, enthusiastic and aggressive scale. It is also the name of this year. There is a certain resemblance like that between the Canadian media.

Given their chance, Canadians would prefer not to be in this particular book. They would like it better if the year were called something else—such as *Warrior-The-Boiler-Driver's Illustrated Guide to the Canadian Establishment*. But they don't have power that way, and we are stuck with 1984. Some people have been using *Nineteen Eighty-Four*到处 everywhere. They worry about the *war cameras* that mean department stores and bus terminals for signs of subversive activity. They worry about interviews, particularly the two-way type featured in some computer systems.

But face it: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, the book, isn't here, even if 1984, the year, is All Big Brother has done, despite the wealth of technology at his disposal, is put us on a lot of mailing lists. We are still free people. We use fax and paper airplanes around the globe, and we're writing to the standard of affairs in a Canadian TV network.

Why isn't *Nineteen Eighty-Four* failing to serve on schedule? One answer may have a link up on the part of our rulers. It may be because they're awfully busy. It's hard for a government to find the time to rewrite history when it has a million press releases to crank out. It's hard for a government to run a good, solid Ministry of Truth when it has to keep shuffling the cabinet with an eye to regional representation.

The government isn't up to it, in other words. Nor, it could be argued, are other of the nation's institutions, which often act in a quirky way. The city of Mississauga began attacking something called the Denver Boot last year to the consternation of people who had demanded the use many years earlier.

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tutional, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is still a few years down the road. Another thing that happened in the Denver Boot is that people take some of the book. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is the name of a novel in which totalitarianism occurs on a grand, enthusiastic and aggressive scale. It is also the name of this year. There is a certain resemblance like that between the Canadian media.

The year is only one of the many Canadian inefficiencies to demonstrate the contempt for rationality that will enable us all to survive until 1985. The Mauroca bureaucracy dreamt up totally incomprehensible wording for merciful references in franchises.

The year just past would not support that. There have been many wonderful instances of leniency on the part of Canadians, and leniency is a condition with which *Nineteen Eighty-Four* cannot coexist.

It is hard for a government to find time to rewrite history when it has a million press releases to crank out'

—**CHARLES GORDON**

It is a group of young people set up to defend Parliament Hill and declared themselves a peace camp. Late in a cold April their tents were cleared off the lawn. The protest of the peace campers cited section 8(1) of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, with regard to freedom of expression. "Not only are our tents needed in spite of the inclement weather," a spokesman said, "they are also a means of expression."

Peter Langford, head of the protest, was as widespread that Canadian Post felt compelled to write a letter to The Globe and Mail. "We expect reasonable quips," Amiel said. "But excessive post office bashing undermines the real program we have made."

Even Winnipeg had the gas war to end all gas wars. "We must have gone through \$80,000 L and lost \$30,000," a gas station owner said. "It was worth it," he added. "You can't let a competitor get away with it."

Don McPherson, U.S. magazine, held auditions in Toronto for a special Canadian edition. Mosaic turned up, among them a Canadian who said, "If I could become a national or even one of the guys that'll be chosen, I could work

anywhere I want in the States." Also present, with their shorts off, were reporters from at least three newspapers, transcribing as best they could to Get That Story. This demonstrates another reason why *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, the book, is a long way off rigours and fine press; ready to go is only length in the print of paper.

The year is only one of the many

Canadian inefficiencies to demonstrate the contempt for rationality that will enable us all to survive until 1985. The Mauroca bureaucracy dreamt up totally incomprehensible wording for merciful references in franchises.

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The clerk of the Corporation of the Village of Wardville will not sit well with *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Nor will many of our other citizens, institutions and politicians. Even the strength of the technology may be overrated.

Issue No. 75, left by mail to be a harbinger of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, failed to sell like hot cakes in 1983. One major carrier, C-Charter, disappeared. "Unfortunately, our marketing plan misfired," explained an official. "We're attempting to sell our service to those very houses who tend not to watch TV and are proud of it."

None. What may be the last word on electric eavesdropping came from a National Archives official in Washington, commenting as the thousands of hours of previously uncirculated secret Nixon White House tapes. "Two thousand of those hours are extraneous sounds—vacuum cleaners, telephones sets, that kind of thing—because it was a sound activated system."

Big Brother, if he, she, exists, has work cut out for him, or her. For the rest of us, only 18 weeks until 1985.

Charles Gordon is a columnist for the Ottawa Citizen.



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THE FIRST LADY

By Carol Gour

Everything about the appointment of Jeannine Sauvé as the country's 23rd governor general was wrong—except the candidate. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau failed to name an amateur of politics appointed to such an exalted post until Parliament was dissolved for Christmas to elevate his old friend and Liberal colleague as the Queen's representative. But the elegant Commons Speaker was an indispensible right fit for the role that all she had to do was grin and nod. "What job could be better?" and the irregularities of the announcement were forgotten. Already she had charmed most Canadians and salvaged a potentially awkward situation with aplomb.

The appointment of a woman broke 130 years of tradition. And yet Jeannine Mathilde Sauvé, 61, was one of the most comfortably traditional choices Trudeau could have made. She is bilingual, a dignified public figure. She is expected to restore grace and refinement to Government House after five years of Edward Schreyer's earnest Prairie populism and Isabelle Courteau (page 11). When Quebec Liberal MP Pierre Courteau mentioned the choice, his first thought was to send a telegram saying, "I am glad you are appointed because now I can start going to the Governor General's parties again." Indeed, the social pulse of the entire capital seemed to quicken. In a world of prima donnas and movie-star politicians, Canada had decided to try a little glamour.

Poignancy. For her part, Schreyer was sadly reflective as he prepared to leave the office he never quite fitted. In a poignant parting confession in his New Year's message on Sunday, he told his many critics that they had done him a favor. "It is good treatment—preventive medicine really against an enlarged ego—if not applied too often," he said. It was a fitting epitaph for five years of almost constant complaint about his lack of polish, his excruciatingly dull speaking style, his unapologetic friends and his young, high-spirited family. And it was no secret that the end of his term on Jan. 22, massive, relief and release.

For Sauvé, by contrast, contemplation of a \$45,000-a-year role as Governor General, Commander-in-Chief and Chancellor of the Order of Canada, the



future promised serenity and sparkle. "It was a great Christmas present," she told Maclean's last week. "It is not an end—it is just an evolution in my career." That career made her one of Quebec's most vigorous union organizers when she was in her 20s, one of the province's most highly regarded legislators in her 30s, a federal cabinet minister at the age of 50 and most recently Commons Speaker, the chief referee in charge of the stormy 23rd Parliament. The new job, with its high profile, elegance and imperious figure-head functions, would be an appropriate environment for her talents. As Speaker, she says, "There are three or four in one's life when it is not bad to stop being passionate and controversial and enjoy a sense of security."

Sauvé plans to travel extensively, service in other countries ("It is too bad just inside the whole country to Rideau Hall") and offer Canadians "a person they can look up to for moral guidance." But, according to Sauvé's friends, her chief contribution to the national consciousness will be the aura of sophistication and good taste she will bring to the upper echelons of Ottawa. She insists "a certain snob" in any home she visits, and Sauvé's language, poise, manner, author and journalist Solange Chapel-Rolland, "Being elegant was always very important for her." And it shows—from her impeccably polished fingernails to the specially designed dresses she has made for her by a Montreal couturier. Exploiting Sauvé's ease as a hostess, her Ukrainian neighbor in Montreal, Odile Bertrand, wife of one of Montreal's most prominent neurosurgeons, said, "Part of her success might be because she always seems comfortable with herself."

Snobbery. Sauvé's behavior that she will be comfortable in the vice-regal suite. Both she and her husband, Maurice, a former Liberal cabinet minister and now an influential business consultant, enjoy the spotlight. In Montreal, members of the francophone community flock to invitations to their intimate dinner parties. Even the grandson of Rideau Hall will seek a website whose entire home is a showpiece for Canadian art and artifacts. And she will have plenty of family support. Friends of Maurice Sauvé say that he will have few problems adjusting to life as supporting player. When she became Speaker, he accompanied her on almost all her international travels. One cabinet minister who was on a number of those trips said: "He was quite content just to be there and go off with the spouses. There was absolutely no jealousy." Sauvé has already said that at least one room in Rideau Hall will be set aside for her visiting son, Jean François, a management trainee in a Toronto bank.

The appointment put an end to 3½ difficult years for Trudeau. By her own admission she never was a fighter or a strident feminist and she learned during her term as the first woman Speaker of the Commons that charm and a smiling smile were not enough to discipline Bill's unruly tribe. "The humidity was not pleasant—I was not used to it," she said last week. "It is a very lonely job in the sense that you cannot frustrations too much with the members and you do not go to caucus or political meetings. You are asked to spend hours alone at night, but I enjoyed it." She adds, "I am a bit of a loner in that she may not have a day public." "You grow in love without friendship and hope it will come back when your term is over," Sauvé said.

When she accepted the job of Speaker

"keep in mind," she insisted. "The House gets into a mess, the House gets itself out of that mess." The Liberals and Conservatives eventually did resolve their standoff, but the incident left Sauvé's reputation tarnished and her confidence shaken. To this day she finds it painful to talk about the episode. "I was happy when I ended, but there was no way I could be triumphant," she said.

Hindsight. Most parliamentarians now view Sauvé's performance as Speaker with the charity of hindsight. She showed an equal impatience as anyone could be expected to, caustic. New Democratic Party House Leader Ian Donea, one of her harshest critics in earlier days, David Collister, Liberal secretary of state for national parks—and a self-described "member of the old boys' club that loses rules"—



Sauvé with husband, Maurice (left); and in Speaker's chair, a little glamour

as Feb. 25, 1980, a confidant Sauvé told reporters, "I feel absolutely great. The job is fantastic!" But that euphoric exuberance evaporated once she was in the Speaker's chair. She chronically forgot members' names, mixed up their readings and neglected to recognize backbenchers for weeks on end. Her lowest point came in March, 1982, when the House remained paralyzed for 15 days over the issue of the administration of a massive Liberal energy bill. As the deadlock turned from a comedy to a drama and the parliamentary bells rang for the long-delayed vote, there were growing demands for Sauvé to resign. She was the pin, although she got stuck between the two sides. Her real problem was that she had never had a back-bencher and she still does not know procedure. Sauvé grudgingly agreed: "I am still learning—or I was."

At the same time, the ongoing Speaker had her small victories. She cleared up the corruption-ridden administration of the House, cleaning down as the party hierarchy and negotiations that had run rampant among some

Cameron staffers for years. She watched, half surprised at herself, as the family acquired the knack of "turning the House around 360°—from acridness to amiable debating conditions." And after about a year on the job, she began to acquire a keen sense of timing, knowing when to let members vent their anger and when to clamp down. "It was often my willpower against the House's," she recalled. "You know about the strength; we never knew you had."

As a member of Parliament, she will be able to replace that hard-nosed tenacity with tact and traits in her wife's favor for warmth. Nothing would suit her better. The evenings alone with her diary will give way to lavish parties, concerts and receptions. Instead of a two-room apartment in the Parliament Buildings, she will be the mistress of an 88-acre compound with woods, a park, a skating rink, toboggan slide, croquet field, tennis courts and three green houses. She will have a staff of 90, a budget of \$4.8 million and a secondary residence inside The Citadel in Quebec City.

Providence It is a far cry from the small house on First Street in the tiny Saskatchewan town of Pensewood (population 250), 30 miles northeast of Saskatoon, where Jeanne Sauve's life began on April 26, 1922. Her father, Charles, an Ottawa construction worker, had taken his young family to the remote French-Ukrainian town of Sainte's birth in the 1920s to build churches, seminaries and private houses for the few who could afford them. But Sauve, whose middle name, Matilda, honours the midwife who brought her into the world, has few memories of her Prairie beginnings. The family moved back to Ottawa when she was 3.

Sauve grew up in a rambling brick house in Ottawa and attended Notre Dame de l'Assomption Convent, a school run by the Grey Nuns. "I was always at the top of my class," she recalled. "The truth is I do not remember being second at school." In her teens and early 20s she devoted much of her time to the Jeunesse Éducative Catholique (Young Catholic Students), a group of restless young people branded as "radicalists" by the Dominicans for their leftist views and yearning for change. In 1942



Sauve with Prince Charles and Diana during 1982 tour, royal coach

she moved to Montreal to become national president of the organization. After living in a largely anglophone city, life suddenly seemed wonderful. Said Sauve: "It was like freedom to me—nowhere in French, my language spoken everywhere, no more feelings of rejection. I felt as though I had come home."

She quickly found herself in stimulating company: Marc Léopold and Gérard Pelletier—the current finance minister and ambassador to the United Nations respectively—were associated with her

Jeanne Sauve: a room full of admirers



and served as youth section director of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (unesco) in Paris. Her husband earned his doctorate in economics at the University of Paris in 1952. "We did everything together," Sauve later recalled. "Europe suited us one."

When the Sauves came back to Montreal in 1955, they worked as census organizers—Sauve as technical adviser to the Canadian Federation of Labor—and as volunteers for the Liberal party. But she soon joined the ccc and launched her 20-year career as a broadcaster. Sauve worked as an interviewer, producer and commentator in both English and French and appeared regularly on high-profile public affairs programs. Said Ottawa columnist Charles Ignatf: "As a journalist, she was one of the best in the country—she was so alive."

Meanwhile, Sauve's husband had launched a career in federal politics. He was elected as a Liberal MP for the wind-swept Gaspe riding of Bas-Saint-Laurent in 1962 and became minister of forestry two years later. His husband's 10 years in federal politics were difficult ones for Sauve. Thus the mother of a young son (Jean-Paul was born late in his life, while she was 37), she used to sit beside his typewriter writing her scripts, then rush out to the radio and the Canadian Institute of Public Affairs, where she was an executive member. Much of her earnings went to pay for his wife's help. But the most trying aspect of his life was watching to make sure he was answering to no one but himself and preserving for change. In 1962

group. So was Claude Ryan, later to become publisher of *Le Droit* and Quebec Liberal leader. Pierre Trudeau was not a member, but Sauve believes she met him at one of their gatherings.

Independents Another young man in the group also caught her attention—her future husband. Georges Sauve was then a 30-year-old economist who lived self-sufficiently: women Sauve was 36. "I wanted a wife who would not be dependent on me," he recalls. They were married on Sept. 24, 1963, and the following day set off for Europe. They stopped, hitchhiked and explored new cultures. In the course of their travels, Jeanne worked, picked up a diploma in French civilization at the University of Paris, assisted director of the youth section of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (unesco) in Paris. Her husband earned his doctorate in economics at the University of Paris in 1952. "We did everything together," Sauve later recalled. "Europe suited us one."

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Meanwhile, Sauve's husband had launched a career in federal politics. He was elected as a Liberal MP for the wind-swept Gaspe riding of Bas-Saint-Laurent in 1962 and became minister of forestry two years later. His husband's 10 years in federal politics were difficult ones for Sauve. Thus the mother of a young son (Jean-Paul was born late in his life, while she was 37), she used to sit beside his typewriter writing her scripts, then rush out to the radio and the Canadian Institute of Public Affairs, where she was an executive member. Much of her earnings went to pay for his wife's help. But the most trying aspect of his life was watching to make sure he was answering to no one but himself and preserving for change. In 1962

Schreyer's uneasy reign at the top

Earl and Lily Schreyer, their four children and dog, bounded into Rideau Hall five years ago with great expectations. At 61, Schreyer was the youngest governor general in modern times. As a westerner, a social democrat and a nationalist (he is of German and Austrian descent), Schreyer was going to battle culture from the very first official residence, schmaltz purges for petits fours as formal receptions, and grace the crackling aristocratic banter with the touch of ordinary humanity. He promised to add punch to the usually bland royal speeches—particularly those on energy and environmental issues. But as the Schreyers prepared to make way for the Mounties, month, Rideau Hall remains strikingly unchanged. Schreyer's 1984 New Year's message on Sept. 1 was predictably bland. And on the eve of his departure, Canada's Governor General breathed a sigh of relief that could be heard in Inuvik. Said former Schreyer aide and confidant Rand Charron: "The only person happier than Jeanne Sauve right now is Ed Schreyer."

A bad match Whether Schreyer failed at the job or the job failed him, it was a bad match from the beginning. Schreyer was both too young and too old, and too independently kept himself in the largely ceremonial position. And there was little skill for the former Manitoba premier's political experience. No sooner had Schreyer taken office that the government revised his speeches on natural gas and Quebec. At the height of the intense constitutional debate, the Prime Minister's Office insisted on absolute control over his formal pronouncements. Schreyer even told one audience in Winnipeg, only half-jokingly, that it was "dangerous" for him to speak on so innocuous a topic as energy conservation. As he admitted himself in an 1985 interview, "I knew full well that part of my mandate had to be avoided. But I found that any statement of mine of substance automatically seemed to turn up in politics, and as a consequence."

The third Governor General stumbled into controversy twice—once when he refused to give Prime Minister Joe Clark immediate approval to call an election in 1976, and again in 1982 when he insisted that he would have forced a federal election had Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau rammed his constitutional package through in the face of provincial opposition. On both occasions he was speaking hypothetically, but he drew the wrath of virtually everyone. Most cutting was Quebec Premier René Lévesque, who told Schreyer in 1982 to go back to his "normal occupation"—allegedly.

Unfortunately, what the Governor

New Democratic Party craves at Rideau Hall gatherings and that the Schreyers were spending too much money entertaining family and friends.

But no matter how socially leftist or politically astute Schreyer might have been, he faced a formidable obstacle: Edmund Butler, secretary to the Governor General. Sagacious, stiff and formal, Butler is the third-ranking public servant in Ottawa and the real power behind the throne as Edsman Hall. He is one of the greatest in a dozen known men who ride along on honours of protocol with unflinching alacrity. Ottawa insiders say that both of Schreyer's predecessors, Jules Déry and Roland Michener, failed to encroach Butler's power. With Schreyer, there was no contact. After bristling in the early months, Schreyer deferred to Butler's superior knowledge of vice-regal etiquette and contented himself with a few minor innovations—cigar travel and a period of official "residence" at Fort Garry, Man. The rest of the time Schreyer conducted his rounds with barely disguised disdain.

New posting Schreyer is expected to become high commissioner to Australia—although the exact date of his arrival has yet to be made. According to friends, the family has agonized for weeks over the decision. One Schreyer friend says that the job of high commissioner might be a little too reminiscent of the post he is leaving to suit him. And friends say that in the past he has been treasured to his last and do some experimental farming.

In a jarringly farewell to a future that Charles will surely drive anyone "stuck racing mad from here to there," Schreyer last week thanked all those who offered his "free advice" on his shortcomings as governor general. Schreyer's harshest critics will hope that the more casual style at Rideau Hall will disappear with the arrival of Sauve. But others remember the Schreyers—with Baggio, their Irish setter, their irrepressible son, Tolson, and their "ugly house" ways—which warmed the family world hard towns the public's affection, even if it did not fit its imagination.

—SUSAN HILLYER in Ottawa



The family: a few successes and barely disguised boredom

COVER

while married to a prominent politician. Said Saurez: "The CBC was forever worrying that I would be less than impartial, and that ruined my career."

The worst point came in 1968, when her husband lost his Senate seat through redistribution and then lost the election in the riding of St-Hyacinthe. Both Saurez were hurt and frustrated. Although Maurice soon began a new career as vice-president of Cosmolabrador, his wife's trials continued. She was being considered for an editorial position at Montreal's *Le Presse*, but the offer was withdrawn because of tales treated at the newspaper. The

age, and the impressive set of breakthroughs she has achieved as a woman—first Governor General, first Commons Speaker, first Quebec woman in the federal cabinet, third female cabinet minister in Canada—might never have happened. Asked what role she expects her husband to play at Rideau Hall, she said only, "It is something we will have to think about."

Mme Jeanne Saurez was a star—if a minor one—almost from the moment she arrived in Ottawa. Within less than a month of her election in 1972, she became minister of science and technology in the Trudeau cabinet. Two years later she was appointed minister of the environment and, in 1975, she became minister of communications.

groups over the years, but all of them closed when Trudeau announced her appointment as governor general.

Saurez has had plenty of practice at being a token woman in the past 13 years—and like most social doctas—she accepts the role with grace. "It is a magnificent breakthrough for women," she declared, while many Canadian women were wondering which of the governor general's responsibilities could best be described as "man's work." Saurez will be expected to open and close Parliament on the advice of the Prime Minister, sign proclamations and cabinet orders and plan royal visits. She will receive letters of credence from foreign ambassadors, head our treasury and spent swells and invest deserving officers



The official residence, Rideau Hall, consists of an 18-acre compound, with woods, a park, a skating rink and toboggan slide.

that the job would have meant that both Saurez and her husband would be working for subordinates of Power Corp. was a further complication. "I got blessed and over that," she remembered. "I told them it was utterly wrong for anyone to be denied good opportunities because of a spouse's job." It never occurred to her that the tables would one day be turned. Maurice Saurez is now deciding whether he can return his eight-year political directorship, among them, of Parks and Resources Bank of Canada.

Saurez describes her husband as a person with more drive than herself. Without his urging, she insists, she would not have entered politics 13 years

ago. Throughout her political career, Saurez repeatedly explained that she was not a fighter. She could be firm when the situation demanded it but she saw little value in horse-tricks or subtlety.

She still holds those views. "I am not an aggressive person," she reiterated last week. "It is a matter of personality. I just make things happen. I could never understand women who said men are unshakable and have to be put out of your life or who thought there was something wrong with going to the hardware store. I have always looked strong and independent. I was not raised like that."

That deliberately cultivated brand of feminism has earned Saurez some berets from radical women's

groups over the years, but all of them closed when Trudeau announced her appointment as governor general.

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Rideau Hall's tradition of excellence

Jeanne Saurez's vice-regal tenure follows tradition, it will feature lavish entertaining, a partial faculty for Rideau Hall and the establishment of a sporting trophy in her name. It will also be marked by a minimum of controversy and a maximum of cross-country travel. Her 25 male predecessors and their often remarkable wives addled straight from the straight, and lofty path decreed by convention, the roles of protocol and the political liabilities of the Governor General's office. Most of them were largely forgotten today by the public they served. Their names endure on countless streets and public buildings, as well as on the Stanley, Grey and Minto cups (for hockey, football and lacrosse championships). But their personalities are perceived dimly, if at all, despite the fact that many of them were colorful and accomplished, at odds with and even wealth.

Canada's first 17 governors general, from Viscount Monck (1867-80) to Viscount Alexander of Tunis (1966-73), were aristocrats, military heroes and career public servants who came from Britain to represent the Crown in Canada. In 1922 Prime Minister Louis St. Léonard made the historic decision to appoint a Canadian, selecting Toronto farm equipment heir Vincent Massey for the honour. It was a heavily symbolic gesture, a further statement by Canada of its political independence. Since Massey, four other Canadians have been appointed and have grappled with the post's largely ceremonial duties with dedication and occasional gusto.

Responsible: With the exception of Lord Byng of Veynes (1911-12), the first World War hero who, as a young man, defeated the Lady Grey Troop for chess play in the National Hockey League, all appointments followed the 1877 choice of Lord Dufferin (1877-86) that a governor general has "duty to the suggestions of his advisors." Byng was the only one ever to exercise his prerogative to ask a government to resign. That occurred in 1926, when Liberal Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King sought to hold onto power despite having won fewer seats than the Conservatives under Arthur Meighen in a general election. Hoping for support from two smaller parties, King summoned Parliament.

He failed to put together a coalition and asked Byng for dissolution and a new election. Byng refused and called as Massey to form a government. A week later, after losing a vote of confidence by a single vote, Massey sought dissolution. Byng agreed, and King was the ensuing election. Later that year, in London, King faced the British government to accept a redaction of the Governor General's duties, placing the

French Islands of St-Pierre and Miquelon, Bermuda and the British West Indies, and Lord Tweedsmuir (1938-45), who was a celebrated writer (as John Buchan) who wrote such thrillers as *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *Gouvernante*, as well as biographies of Julius Caesar and Oliver Cromwell.

Career: In 1952, with a new queen on the British throne and postwar Canada alive and looking, the federal government decided that it was time for a Canadian to step up to Rideau Hall. Massey, a successful diplomat as well as a great philanthropist (Massey College and Hart House at the University of Toronto are among his family's many beneficiaries), was chosen to serve. Massey was succeeded by another much respected Canadian patriot, Sir Max George F. Vaneer (1958-61), who four decades earlier had served at Rideau Hall as ride-camp. After Vaneer's death Roland Michener (1962-70) returned from New Delhi, where he was Canada's high commissioner, to take up the vice-regal appointment and campaign tirelessly for physical fitness among Canadians. The dignified James Leger (1974-79), a quiet brother of Pauline, Cardinal Leger, followed. Max really Ed Schreyer, a former New Democratic Party premier of Manitoba, brought a less formal approach to the job.

As the first woman governor general—a departure as symbolic as the appointment of Massey—Saurez might find some inspiration in the life of a former chancery of Rideau Hall. The popular and talented Lady Aberdeen, whose husband served as governor general from 1898 to 1904 and who once decorated her official home as a "showpiece of beauty," was an early proponent of women's rights, a friend of Editha Grattan-Saunder B. Anthony and one of the founders of the Order of Nurses. Saurez, a woman who has known many frustrations in her career, may also find a way to put a ceremonial post to good use. Saurez is also a woman who has persevered throughout her career, and her new post should enable her to continue a Rideau Hall tradition of lasting good works. Her predecessor, as she will be known, is in excellent company.

—ROBERT MILLER in Toronto



Maurice, wife Paulette, in 1964: elegant and accomplished

position entirely under Ottawa's control.

The appointed governors general—from Dufferin, a romantic adventurer, to Alexander, a celebrated field marshal—knew a variety of skills to the post. The Marquess of Lorne (1877-86) was a poet as well as a wealthy Scot who brought the Royal Palace into the more familiar hymns that the folks around do. I left up. Earl Grey (1904-11) was an infatigable traveler, writer and Canadian booster. During a 1906 visit to Newfoundland he proposed that Canada annex the Crown colony, as well as the

Mistaken identities



Beaumont with son Steven; and (below) Beaumont bullets through the door

Two days before Christmas, at 7 a.m., Bruce Beaumont and his wife, Pauline, were asleep in a metal room in Rock Forest, Que. They had not been there long, they had been laying carpet at the offices of Bell Canada in nearby Sherbrooke until about 2 a.m. It was almost dawn. Moments later, Beaumont lay mortally wounded on the floor. Beaumont, wounded in the neck, was starting at the room's door which had been probed by gunfire. Last week, as more details of the affair emerged, Sherbrooke police had advised that the 1967-style assault on the room had been a mistake.

The first of about 20 shots fired by the 31-year-old Beaumont. He was Beaumont, 32, father of a five-year-old son, fell to the floor between the two beds and died. Beaumont had turned himself to the floor and looked around the room. "My first thought was to call for the police," he said later, "but when I looked, the phones had been shot off the hook." When the shooting stopped, Beaumont could hear his friend calling for help and ran outside the door. "Open the door or we'll break it down," one or more men said. They did not identify themselves, Beaumont said.

After Beaumont managed to reach and then open the door, according to Beaumont eight Sherbrooke police officers, with two members of the Rock

Forest police force, rushed in. The officers grabbed Beaumont and forced him to lie face down in the entrance. An ambulance arrived and its attendants took him to Sherbrooke's St-Vincent-de-Paul hospital. A second ambulance arrived, and Beaumont was taken to the Sherbrooke University Hospital with eight machine-guns bullets in his body. He died four hours later. At the hotel in Rock Forest, the police searched room number 8 for weapons and \$45,000 that had been hidden in a British robbery at Sherbrooke the day before. They found only dirty curtains, some carpet-laying tools and the personal effects of the two men from the village of Autunne Lorette.

Sherbrooke police had been searching for two weeks for the man who was shot. Bruce's security guard in front of heavily guarded Christmas shoppers in a Sherbrooke shopping plaza shortly after midnight on Dec. 22 they received a call from Rock Forest police who said they had found two robbers that had been stolen in the Quebec City area. One contained some clothing and a shotgun. Beaumont then tipped

Sherbrooke police that two men, apparently from Quebec City, were registered at Le Chalifion motel less than 1,000 yards from where the stolen car had been found. Beaumont told the police that the two men were "behaving strangely."

Before a coroner ordered witnesses to stop talking to reporters last week, pending an inquest, Le Chalifion owner Guy Desnoes said that police came to his office at 4:30 a.m. on Dec. 23, inquiring about two men. He showed them the motel registry and said that there were two guests from the Quebec City area in room numbers 5.

Police told the Desnoes to return to their apartment and not to alert guests in the rooms adjacent to number 5 for fear of alerting the suspects. That information nearly cost two Alberta travellers their lives. A bullet passing through the wall narrowly missed them. Desnoes says that before the police approached room 5, they made several phone calls—one a request for two police ambulances.

Bet Hagar Dina and Cpl. Andre Castonguay of the Sherbrooke police department have been suspended with pay. Rock Forest Police Chief Richard Parenteau has called in the Quebec provincial police "to review impartially" to conduct an investigation. Quebec Minister of Justice Marc-Joseph Belanger has ordered the Quebec Police Commission to conduct its own investigation, and a date for a coroner's inquest will be set next week.

The inquest panel has many questions to answer. Although police called Beaumont's family and told his mother that the killing was a mistake, Sherbrooke Police Chief Maurice Houle has not retracted his statement that Beaumont is still "the prime suspect" in the British's guard's murder. Beaumont, recovering from his wounds at home, said that he was released from hospital "without as much as an apology." And witnesses to the British's robbery have positively stated that Beaumont and Beaumont were not the men involved. Michel St-Onge, a salesmen at Powell's hardware store, where the British's guard, Yvan Chalifon, was slain, said that employees have shown a picture of Beaumont and Beaumont after the raid on the motel.

"The policemen's jaws dropped when we told them that they were not the guys," St-Onge said. The search for Charles' murderer and the robbers continues.

—CHARLES RILEY AND MICHAEL MADDEN
in Sherbrooke



Michael Madden



Mr. J. Archibald Campbell, Vice President Finance, The Metropolitan Group of Companies, Brampton

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The president and First Lady Nancy preparing for the 1984 presidential race with an enviable political advantage.

WORLD

Reagan bids for another term

By Michael Posner

Later this month, six days short of his 73rd birthday, Ronald Reagan will make it official. In a 25-minute televised statement from the Oval Office, the nation's oldest-ever president plans to announce his bid for a second term. The speech will cite his achievements in rebuilding the U.S. economy and the nation's military strength. But the task Reagan will invent, remains unfinished: he needs another four years to power to permit him to fulfill his mandate.

The president enters the 1984 campaign with an enviable political advantage. Economic inflation is at parison, and the success of the invasion of Grenada has restored confidence not only in the armed forces, but in the nation's readiness to use them. Indeed, Reagan's personal approval rating is now running at 60 per cent or higher, and the prospect of a second landslide—he was 64 of the 80 states in 1980—cannot be ruled out. Still, most observers doubt that his current popularity will last. At

well, the president's lead over two Democratic rivals, Senator John Glenn and former vice-president Walter Mondale, ranges between three and six per cent—hardly the makings of an overwhelming victory.

But on the issue that Democrats regarded as most promising—the economy—Reagan is not as vulnerable as his opponents had hoped. Interest rates have fallen by half since Reagan's election, and inflation has dropped from 14 per cent to less than three per cent. The number of unemployed Americans has fallen from a record 11.5 million to 8.5 million. Unemployment within the non-Democratic states has been falling.

Reaganism, of course, is not the sole cause of the turnaround; steady, predictable monetary policy by the Federal Reserve Board have also played

a role. But, on balance, Reagan can legitimately claim much of the credit. However, he will have to be careful not to go too far. As the Democrats point out, the real rate of interest—taking inflation into account—remains near a historic high and deters capital expansion. At the same time, unemployment remains chronic, particularly in the industrial Midwest. It is there in Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Michigan—that the 1984 presidential election will be determined. There, there is the federal debt. As a candidate in 1980, Reagan promised to halve the budget by 1984. Instead, the recession, soaring tax cuts and the Pentagon's record spending programs have produced what budget director David Stockman calls a sea of red ink stretching "as far as the eye can see." There are weak points, too, in Reagan's foreign policy. Apart from Grenada, the administration's record lacks a major diplomatic triumph. Reagan's Middle East peace initiative is stalled, and the deployment of the Marines in Lebanon is losing public support. Last week

the president himself accepted personal responsibility for the deaths of U.S. servicemen there. Only in Central America there has been little progress. Most important, perhaps, Washington's influence in Latin America is weaker than its control treaty with the Soviets than it was four years ago, and there is no recent prospect of a U.S.-Soviet summit.

Yet foreign affairs are not, historically, a decisive factor in presidential elections. Notably that, but Reagan will argue that achievements on arms control or Middle East peace require time and patience. That loss of reassurance could damage Democratic critics. Indeed, the Democrats' best chance may lie in a different area of policy altogether. Reagan is widely perceived, fairly or not, as favoring the rich over the poor, whites over blacks and other racial minorities, and care over women. That perception may give the Democrats' standard bearer a precious shot at winning the Oval Office. Rev. Jesse Jackson's campaign to register two million new black voters may prove fruitful. In nearly a dozen key states in 1980, Reagan's margin of victory over then-President Jimmy Carter was smaller than the margin of potential new voters.

The president can be expected to use his incumbency to maximize the family factor, making appointments heavily weighted in favor of minorities and women. He has already hired his daughter, Maureen Reagan, 42, to help draft a strategy for closing the so-called "gender gap," a statistical need in polling which shows that women are more suspicious and more fearful of Reagan than are men. He also can count on several other important advantages, including the continuing division within the Democratic party itself. As the Glenn-Mondale struggle suggests, Democrats have yet to settle the precise thrust of the party's campaign policies. The arrival of a majority of independent John Anderson will split votes from the Democratic nomination, and the emerging shift in population from northeast to south has continued to favor Republican politicians.

All the numbers indicate that the election will be close. Republican strategists believe that some 100 million Americans will vote next year, compared to 84.5 million in 1980. For Reagan to win again, he must receive nearly eight million more ballots than the 46 million he earned in 1980. Says Reagan campaign manager Ed Rollins: "You really can't lose anything off your base. You have to reach out. The blue collar is where the battlefield will be." On the eve of Reagan's announcement, with the first Democratic names hardly seven weeks away, that assumption looks more than safe. It looks valid. ♦

THE SOVIET UNION

Waiting for Andropov

The four-month-old mystery surrounding the health and location of Soviet President Yuri Andropov has made him, miraculously, local party chief in Kirovograd, in the Soviet leader's home territory of the southern Ukraine, a candidate (non-voting) Politburo member, and prime minister of the Russian Federation, the largest Soviet republic.

The befuddled Voronikov's new found importance was underlined by his place in the Supreme Soviet order of precedence last week when he sat beside former Longobard party chief Grigory Romanov and agriculture boss Mikhail Gorbachev, both potential successors to succeed Andropov. Another protégé, Viktor Chebrikov, who replaced Andropov as KGB chief, was appointed a candidate member of the Politburo.

The rising Soviet leader's influence was also clearly evident in the business before the Supreme Soviet. In a report released in his absence, Andropov claimed that construction work had increased 2.2 per cent and was a result of his dissatisfaction approach. The Supreme Soviet rubber stamped passive measures to curb industrial automation and provided financial incentives for workers and managers. Both are moves that Andropov has promoted. Finally, in another indication that the Soviet leader is not contemplating retirement, the official news agency Tass reported that the Moscow district that Andropov represents on the Supreme Soviet has nominated him for re-election in March.

Still, that did not weaken the tide of speculation about Andropov's health and future prospects. In Moscow a well-placed Communist Party source said that the Soviet leader is indeed in hospital but that his silence has nothing to do with his illness and the government's silence. From abroad, in Washington, Georgetown University professor of ophthalmology Dr. George Schreiter expanded on rumors that Andropov might have had a kidney transplant. Schreiter speculated that the operation could have made the patient liable to minor infections such as colds. That fact, Schreiter said, might "very easily have led to a decision by [Andropov's] physicians not to be exposed to outside agents"—meaning, in his words,

revolution. There was no explanation for his absence. Instead, the exact 69-year-old Andropov merely responded in a report for his aliases, which he said was due to "imperial causes."

That threadbare explanation gave new life to recent speculation that a kidney illness might force Andropov to step down. TASS last week's Moscow meetings failed to reveal any shift from the Andropov list. Indeed, Kirovogradologists insisted the appointment of 67-year-old Vitaly Voronikov to the Politburo as a sign that Andropov's influence remains strong. Soviet ambassador to Cuba from 1974 to 1982, Voronikov did not even rate a mention in the

latest edition of *The Great Soviet Encyclopedia* two years ago. But in the past year Andropov has made himself, miraculously, local party chief in Kirovograd, in the Soviet leader's home territory of the southern Ukraine, a candidate (non-voting) Politburo member, and prime minister of the Russian Federation, the largest Soviet republic.

The befuddled Voronikov's new



Andropov: rising amid new rumors

The return of the generals

Only a handful of army colleagues remained—the ones that created our Lagos Radio last week, but the unexpected message was depressingly familiar: a coup had toppled the leader of Africa's greatest experiment in liberal democracy. For more than four years, said Gen. Sani Abacha, coup leadership had "inspired a new economic performance and uncertainty" on Nigeria. Noting acute shortages of affordable food, health services, education and jobs, he declared that Nigeria had become an "beggar nation". Added Abacha: "I and my colleagues in the armed forces, as protectors of our national interests, have decided to form a military government."

It was the fifth time since independence in 1960 that the Nigerian military had seized control. But in contrast to earlier episodes—and the civil war by assessment—this one that collapsed in 1976—the armed forces' coup on May First Eve appeared to have been bloodless. The military suspended the constitution, imposed a lockdown curfew and sealed off the borders. The fate of President Shagari, 62, overwhelmingly re-elected last August

for a second, and last, four-year term, remained uncertain. Authoritarian presidents in power for decades—such as the now-dead Obafemi Awolowo, who ruled Nigeria from 1960 to 1976, and his successor Murtala Muhammed, who died in a coup in 1985—had been killed. But there was no doubt that popular discontent was on the rise. Shagari was working to raise in Nigeria's economy \$2 billion in debt and was in the process of negotiating a \$1.5 billion rescue from the International Monetary Fund. Only two days before the coup, Shagari announced austerity measures. And he vowed to wipe out the corruption that had rallied officials and reduced living standards of the country's mainly impoverished 80 million inhabitants.

The oil boom of the 1970s was at the root of Nigeria's problems. When the military handed power to Shagari in 1979, revenue from oil exports was \$22 billion a year and the economy was comparatively healthy. Since then, oil revenues have plummeted to \$16 billion a year. At the same time, past known as "dash", destroyed the import control system. Unnecessary and over-priced products flooded the country, while the government refused licenses for needed imports.

The oil boom also attracted millions of Nigerians from the land to the cities. As a result, a country that was once largely self-sufficient now imports 70 per cent of its food and raw materials. The boom also drew millions of workers from impoverished neighboring countries to cities like Lagos (population 10 million) and increased social pressure.

Nigerians gave Shagari some credit for trying to beat their way. A devout Muslim, he had two wives, three sons and 17 children. Shagari was widely regarded as a moderate in a nation of extremists. In 1982, he had overseen the release of Iyke Obasua, who was serving 10 years in prison for killing and the Brademas independent was later freed after a lengthy military career. Gen. Tukula Gowon to return home from exile.

Shagari's military assassin, Gen. Muhammadu Buhari, 42, is well known in oil circles. A member of the military council that took over from Gowon, he later became chairman of the National Petroleum Corporation. In a low-key broadcast on May First Day, he told Nigerians he had taken power "to put an end to the crisis of confidence afflicting our nation." After 20 years of independence in which parliamentary democracy flourished only intermittently, the cost of restoring confidence will be high.

DAVID NORTH in Toronto, with William Louther in Washington and correspondents' reports

The high cost of peacekeeping

The incident brought into vivid focus both the value and vulnerability of the multinational peacekeeping force in Lebanon. In an attempt to increase security, the French contingent last week decided to abandon two exposed positions inside the Palestinian refugee camp of Shatila in southern Beirut. With only a 10-man unit warning, the French removed 30 paratroopers from the camp, located deep inside a sprawling Shatila Moslem slum. As the Lebanese Army descended to fill the vacuum, fighting broke out between the government troops and Shatila militiamen. These days of street battles claimed 60 lives and wounded 200 before a shaky ceasefire took hold. Still French Army spokesman Col. Philippe de Longeon: "The incident showed that our presence, even in small numbers, can prevent a disaster."

Lebanese government officials complained that the French executed their pullback without prior co-ordination. But in the wake of rising casualties, commanders of the 5,800-man multination force are clearly taking no chances. To date, 82 French and more than 250 Lebanese have died from sniper fire, shelling or suicide bomb at-

tacks. The toll has raised questions about the force's usefulness, especially in Washington, where a Pentagon report on the Oct. 23 suicide bombing that claimed the lives of 26 U.S. marines recommended last week that the White House reassess its policy of keeping troops in Lebanon. But while it rejected the report's political advice, President Ronald Reagan took personal action. As the French abandoned Shatila, fighting broke out between two old foes, and the painful cycle continued

spontaneously—in advance of the report's release—for the deaths. Said Reagan: "If this is blame, it rests here in this office with this president." This virtually excluded disciplinary action against officers faulted in the report. Reagan announced that most of the security precautions the Pentagon repair programs are already in place. Still, tension among members of

the four-nation force last week remained high. A French street patrol came under attack from gunmen using rocket-launched grenades. U.S. marines stationed at Beirut International Airport stood on maximum alert after two shells slammed into the area. And as British military units convoy passed through Beirut's port area, a nearby bomb blast injured two soldiers.

Meanwhile, the process of national reconciliation remains bogged down. As a series of British tanks in West Beirut shoot the latest ceasefire, a constitutional security committee last week negotiated without success for a nine-month peace. In Damascus, Defense Minister Walid Jumblatt openly expressed doubts about the possibility of reaching any agreement with Lebanese President Amine Gemayel. Indeed, last week's fighting only underscored the gulf between the nation's Muslim-dominated government. As one Shatila woman surveyed the rubble created by Lebanese Army tank shells last week, she angrily observed, "This is not an army for all the people." Without a national consensus to break the cycle of factional violence, the multinational force's effectiveness will remain limited—and costly.

—JARED MCGILL in Toronto, with correspondents' reports

Are your harcarned dollars going up in smoke?

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If your oil furnace is in good condition, but you'd like it to run more economically, a dual-energy system combining oil and electricity may be just the answer. In fact, depending how much electric heat you add, and how you operate your system, you can use as little as one tank of oil for an entire heating season!

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addition, and you can control the temperature separately from the rest of the house with individual room thermostats. **ALL ELECTRIC:** If your furnace does need replacing, an electric furnace or one of the other electric systems can heat your home cleanly, efficiently and economically.

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Go Electric 

Washington leaves UNESCO

After years of sparring with Third World and Soviet Bloc members of the Paris-based United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), Washington finally ran out of patience last week. Acknowledging its cooperation over the two bodies' policies and acknowledging Canada's have reached parity with its own, the United States declared that it would leave UNESCO at the end of this year and take its \$6.5-million share of the agency's budget—25 percent of its total—with it. The blow, though not unexpected, threatens the organization with a major financial crisis because U.S. contributions will cease as Oct. 31. It also calls into question the chances of UNESCO Director-General Amadou Mbow of being re-appointed to the end of his term in 1987.

The U.S. decision, which President Ronald Reagan made at the urging of Secretary of State George Shultz, was personally handed to Mbow in Paris by Ambassador Jean Gérard at mid-week. Several UNESCO officials were dismayed. Said one: "We will refrain from any comment on the matter—now, or for some time to come." Washington was less reticent. Said state department spokesman Alan Hornberg: "Everyone has politicized virtually every subject it deals with, exhibited hostility toward basic institutions of a free society, especially a free market and a free press, [and] demonstrated unscrupulous budgetary excesses."

Added Amadou's State secretary Grégoire Naudé: "There is an unusual way that UNESCO could change so that we would be entitled to remain."

Founded in 1945 by mostly Western nations to promote literacy, education and culture, particularly in the less developed countries, UNESCO now has 125 member nations, including Canada, West Germany and France, privately sympathized with Washington's frustration but still were disappointed by the decision to withdraw. Said an external affairs department spokesman in Ottawa: "We believe there can be a better possibility for setting it right from within." For its part, the Soviet news agency TASS, and that Reagan had waged a "malicious campaign of blackmail, threats and slander against UNESCO and the government," newspaper, Praesid, said that Washington had allowed itself to become a forum for Soviet-inspired, anti-U.S. propaganda and has strayed dangerously from its original



UNESCO-sponsored class in Teheran, Iran

world-wide monopoly. At its headquarters in New York, Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar hoped that "a way can be found for the United States to remain a member."

The U.S. move came as a blow to its huffy 1977 pallium from another UN body, the Geneva-based International Labour Organization (ILO), which Washington criticized as too left-wing. Three years later, in 1980, the United States returned to the ILO, reversing its budget contribution. It seemed at least possible that Washington might rejoin UNESCO eventually.

Sources in Paris and Washington suggested that one roadblock was Director-General Mbow himself. During his nine-year tenure, Mbow has had frequent run-ins with U.S. officials. According to a scathing report on UNESCO released last October by the Washington-based Heritage Foundation, a conservative think tank, Mbow had not been popular with Gerard and Newell and "The director-general clearly indicated that the United States was recalcitrant in its dealings with him and the Third World and asserted that it had a deep psychological problem" which it needed to attend to urgently. The Heritage Foundation report, written by Owen Harries, Australian ambassador to UNESCO in 1982-1983, added that under Mbow the organization's activities had become "constantly informed by U.S. interests and values." Mbow himself lives in a penthouse apartment atop UNESCO headquarters and enjoys a wide range of tax-free allowances and perquisites. Some diplomats have criticized him for setting the style for a large group of highly paid officials.

U.S. disillusionment with the UN generally has increased under the Reagan administration, at least in part because the Soviet Union seems to be winning more than its share of its diplomatic skirmishes. According to Richard L. Jackson, author of *The Non-Aligned*, the UN and the Super-Powers, Third World countries voted with the Soviet Union an average of 51.4 percent of the time during the 1982 General Assembly sessions and with the United States only 38.4 percent of the time. Said a senior UN official in New York: "The UNESCO decision is obviously an admission of defeat for the Reagan administration's highly ideological but woefully inexperienced diplomats."

ROGER MILLER in Paris, with Peter Lewis in Brussels, John May in Ottawa and Wendy McLeod in New York

More turbulence in Eastern's skies

By Ann Finlayson

The 11-month dispute has been one of the most acrimonious on the Canadian labour scene. In December the Canadian Labour Relations Board ordered Eastern Provincial Airways Ltd. to return to flight operations and to fire 18 of its pilots. Both sides agreed to a strike that began last January. It was the second such order in seven months, but last week the company once again declared its intention to appeal. The airline will force the dispute into its second year, despite the fact that the company recently had received its franchise.

The airline's dismissal and retiring procedures are the major unresolved issues in the struggle between EPLA's Canadian-based pilots and the airline's president, Harry Stiles. Since he took the airline over in 1978, Stiles, a former naval officer, has transformed the 10-aircraft regional carrier from a money loser into a thriving operation with his single-minded determination to improve productivity. In fact, since last May 1984 has competed successfully in the trans-Canada passenger market, operating in partnership with CT Air.

During the 134-day pilot strike last spring, Stiles arranged EPA pilot-members of the Canadian Air Line Pilots Association, who are required to cross country to the airline's planes, to fly profitably before safety by allowing pilots to work longer hours. "Everyone talks about safety that and safety that," Stiles declared. "But what is the difference between a pilot and a post-old GM bus driver?" Stiles' strictures prompted association claims that the company had challenged "the union's right to exist." Less than a month into the strike the airline started to hire nonunion pilots to maintain partial service. According to association spokesman Capt. Keith Lacey, at that point the striking pilots decided to make returning procedures crucial to any settlement.

Following an appeal by the pilots, the Canadian Labour Relations Board ruled on May 27 that EPLA was guilty of unfair labour practices under the Canada Labour Code for refusing to give returning pilots seniority over the nonunion pilots who had been hired to replace them. As a result, the board ordered the airline to settle the strike and to re-instate the dismissed pilots with their seniority intact. It also told Eastern Provincial to re-instate a proposed contract that the company had put forward during bar-

gaining in April. Both sides had previously agreed in principle to the proposal, but disagreements over recall provisions had scuttled a resolution.

The company complied with the board order. But according to airline vice-president Capt. Chester Walker, and to many of the pilots who sat in the cabin during the strike in light of the new ruling, the airline placed telephone calls to 46 expected users telling them not to report for work. At the same time, EPA demanded an additional 20 senior unlicensed pilots to fill officer en-

signage in April. Both sides had previously agreed in principle to the proposal, but disagreements over recall provisions had scuttled a resolution. The company complied with the board order. But according to airline vice-president Capt. Chester Walker, and to many of the pilots who sat in the cabin during the strike in light of the new ruling, the airline placed telephone calls to 46 expected users telling them not to report for work. At the same time, EPA demanded an additional 20 senior unlicensed pilots to fill officer en-



Stiles: a bitter labor dispute heating into its second acrimonious year

nally accepted the proposal it rarely used, and, as far as they were concerned, it became a binding contract regardless of the ultimate outcome of the Federal Court action.

The back-to-work agreement also conflicted with the board rules that the replacement pilots be "denoted, dismissed or transferred." On June 10 the striking pilots returned to their positions and began a 45-day retrograding process while the replacement pilots who remained to fly the planes faced lay-offs. Many of them thought it was over when it was not.

Then in October, after 116 days of

hanging, the Federal Court of Canada quashed the board's ruling and ordered the airline to reinstate the pilots according to their seniority by Dec. 30 and established that both the union and the company had been bargaining in bad faith. The airline's hasty decision to appeal the board's award ruling to the Federal Court meant that the dispute will drag on into its second year. □



Every great Martini has a silent partner.



U.S. Steel makes a deep cutback

For steelworkers in cities across the already hard-hit industrial heartland of the United States, the post-Christmas message brought more bad news. David Roderick, the chairman of United States Steel Corp. (USS), announced last week that the largest U.S. steel producer had cut its operations by about 20 per cent, putting 11,400 employees out of work.

The reason for USS's decision—it will cost the company a \$1.2-billion (U.S.) charge against its earnings—was clear. Despite layoffs and temporary shutdowns, USS recorded losses of \$119 million in the first nine months of 1983.

For its part, the company contends that the steel mills choke with the wages paid to the members of the United Steelworkers of America (an average \$13 per hour) and foreign competition. Many of the closings announced last week, which will shut down USS operations in six cities while curtailing them in more than a dozen others, affected plants producing products that form the majority of many smaller nonunionized producers. "The heavy employment costs at nonintegrated mills are as much as 30 below those of integrated producers," Roderick said.

But critics argue that USS may be an auch to blame for its noncompetitive situation as its employees. Virtually since banker J.P. Morgan created USS in 1901, it has suffered from a lack of investment in new mills.

As well, the steel giant's frequent complaints against alleged dumping by foreign producers have been underwritten by its own actions. In recent months the company attempted to set up a joint venture with British Steel Corp. Although that deal fell through last week, USS still hopes to find another foreign supplier. But if these attempts also fail, the Philadelphia works could also close.

USS sees its best hope is relatively sophisticated products, such as seamless pipe and flat rolled steel, the mainstay of the auto industry. The steel giant's new direction was underscored last week by the announcement that USS will spend \$300 million at two mills that could create 1,800 jobs. The plan met with approval on Wall Street, and its shares moved up slightly. Despite its current size, the future of USS as an integrated producer could hinge on the success or failure of its moves last week. Acting Steelworkers of America President Lynn Williams had a more dire view: "The very fate of industrial society in the United States is now in the balance."

—IAN AUSTIN in Toronto

BUSINESS WATCH

The upbeat mood for 1984

By Peter C. Newman

The next 12 months promise to be one of those golden seasons that the high priests of free enterprise will celebrate as their rightful due.

Canada's gross national product will soon rise by eight per cent (in real terms) right into 1984's third quarter, the Dow Jones will burst through the magic 1,000-point barrier, corporate capital spending budgets will loosen up and make for a significant impact on investment statistics.

Even the upward push in interest rates will level off by spring at only one per cent above current levels. "To sum up, 1984 will show the best overall economic performance in the past seven years," Peter Andersen, chief economist at Burns Fry Ltd. (the Bay Street investment dealers), recently predicted. "Expect strength in the traditional resource sector and a widening consumer recovery will provide the main domestic thrust; overseas, economies will be lifted by an expanding U.S. market."

Taking advantage of this rosy hue in our economic outlook, the embattled Trudeau government will ignore the realities of ballooning budget deficits and offer voters such trifles as wage-gage immunities, the vesting and participation of pensions and a modified form of guaranteed annual income. Ottawa will negotiate a deal for the sale of Northern Canadian water to the United States and sign a megadeal with manufacturers to supply Canada-supplied machinery to expand their own resources. The Chinese will produce some of our planes and may do international play by amassing their strength to build a huge pavilion at Expo '86 in Vancouver.

What could be the beginning of a long-term labor trend will be the successful negotiation, by an increasing number of management agreements of agreements allowing the hiring of female employees at a fraction of going rates. The model for such a startling departure was the recent contract signed by American Airlines and its 16,000 pilots and flight attendants. It refers to a guarantee of lifetime jobs to present staff; management was granted the right to hire new pilots at 50 per cent below current wage rates and new stewardesses at 70 per cent of existing salaries. If that trend is accompanied by the expected increases in productivity, it could herald a structural change in

the North American economy.

The parts of Dope's megadeal, hitherto documented in Peter Foster's book, *Other People's Money*, will finally be resolved in 1984. Dome will survive, but as a shadow of its former, glorious self. The Beaumont Sea will quietly be hauled back to the polar bears as the petrochemical giant reluctantly withdraws to the more mundane pastures of servicing its home. Ottawa's Petroleum Innovative Program (for frontier exploration) was supposed to entice taxpayers

out of Lake, Harper and Dome at Lloydminster and Enoch to Cold Lake, and Lévis—any possibilities. John Masters and Jim Gray, who ran Master Exploration in Calgary, estimate that heavy oil deposits in Canada may total as much as 2.7 billion barrels. "We're way too hot to have already started on this kind of production," Masters says. "We can easily build up to 10,000 barrels a day and sell it to the United States for asphalt on a big new road-building program." In-built pipelines and refineries finished," Gray adds. "We can build oil self-sufficiency into the Canadian economy simply by developing existing heavy oil structures. Deposits costing upstream, cumulatively, represent the equivalent of the largest oil fields ever developed in North America. And capital cost is only about \$14,000 per daily barrel of oil produced."

The most startling prediction for 1984 is what would happen with the outbreak of war in the Middle East. An Israeli-owned freighter has already sunk one merchant ship in the Persian Gulf—the Greek-owned bulk carrier Antigone—and more attacks will follow. According to a U.S. congressional study, if the Strait of Hormuz were permanently blockaded, the price of oil could quickly spike up to \$100 a barrel—setting off the biggest boom in Alberta since Leduc.

Another boost to the Alberta economy could come from the installation of a Mulroney government. Calgary insiders hint that the PC leader and Peter Lougheed might each reduce their royalties by five per cent. That would raise the amount of money of producing firms from a sense of relief to turn the oil industry around—even without shooting in the Middle East.

No reading of 1984 is complete without managing the impact of Canada's political changes. At the moment, it seems certain that Pierre Trudeau will announce his departure by mid-February, John Turner will be crowned as his successor by mid-June, and the ideological battle for votes will then be joined. Neither Mulroney nor Turner are as right wing as their critics paint them, and the year's most fascinating spectator sport promises to be watching their race toward the political centre—or just a tick to the left of it.

Canadians can no longer count on racing into the future on an endless ribbon of self-reliant economic growth. But 1984 will be a splendid year.



Gray: the price of oil could kick up

\$3.5 billion in its first three years, \$4.4 billion has already vanished without a trace. Continuing overseas by the companies exploring for scattered oil fields their retreatment to other, much less accessible forms of petroleum—mainly, the exploitation of heavy oil deposits in northeastern Alberta and western Saskatchewan.

Rather than brass band negotiations, these ventures will be developed on incremental basis you spend a little, make a little, then spend a little more. At least five such projects—Koonza at Judy Creek, Alberta Energy at Prism-



Eighty-year-old British humorist and broadcaster Malcolm Muggeridge says that if he were still a young man he would be tempted to emigrate to Canada from his home in Sussex. His affection for the country that Jacques Cartier named "The Land of God" goes to Canada even in death. In 1976 Muggeridge, whose son John, teaches history at a community college in Welland, Ont., exchanged houses with University of Western Ontario law professor Ian Hunter, one of the older Muggeridge's biographers, insisting that instead of "distinguished visitors in journalism" he be called "old bark in residence." For Muggeridge, "the most delightful part was that never again at the university discovered a tryst between Britain and Canada that says visiting professors need pay no income taxes if they teach in Canada for a year." But some of his Canadian-connected memories are less fond. When he was working for the London Evening Standard, he wrote a "martyr article" about its owner, Canadian-born Lord Beaverbrook, for Maclean's (Nov. 2, 1962). The Beaver fired him. Undeterred then or now, Muggeridge is still writing: this time a "memoir" of his life in Britain (in progress) and one on Ted and Malvina. Her name has changed only slightly when she contemplates the prospect of another career in the near future. But, she said, it



Designer Monika and Munro in Stoneyway living room: whenever the family is in town

perched, and paintings by Canadian artists Jean-Paul Riopelle and Jean-Pierre L'Allier hung side by side with the Muggeridge's own art collection. They have also renovated the third-floor playroom for their three children, painting it in gentle colors. "The girls are happy," she added, "but I am not. It's a bittersweet moment." And Muggeridge? Her name was mentioned only slightly when she contemplated the prospect of another career in the near future. But, she said, it

would be "wonderful" if her husband were elected prime minister. And, after all, "Wherever the family is, is home."

Asake Kiddo, Muggeridge's 38-year-old daughter, has been collecting Moonies all her life. Moonies, the Moonies—placards and a life-size Moonie cutout sit. She once was... were as reproduced script-said I was a Doubtshaker for the Pope! So it is not surprising that she has teamed with The Doubtshakers' Coast Constable (Annette Davies) for a projected spinoff series featuring Kiddo as his partner, Const. Roxanne Douglas. The CBC series will be set in Vancouver, where the pride of Gibson, B.C., has been transferred. One proposed episode may be shot at Vancouver's Week Black, famous for its nude inhabitants and painted by the real-life B.C. university endowment funds donchonkates. "Const. Constable could go under cover, as to speak," and Davies' Bot Kidder would prefer to stay out of the bell and on the bluffs. More looklike than her famous 38-year-old father, she already regrets her past association with *Maclean's* (see sidebar). Now released in North America, *Maclean's* has become a pariah, as *Barzana*. There are, she said, some things about being a cop that are not covered in the manual. "You wear this huge grin, and you got your handcuffs and your walkie-talkie and all this stuff, and when you undo your pants to go to the bathroom, they reach to the floor and you can't get them back on." □

Devoted and kind: As Helene Mounier-left



Snapping around in other people's houses is such fun for when the residents are rich and famous. So it was a special delight over the holidays when Progressive Conservative Leader Brian Mulroney, 44, and his wife, Mila, 30, threw open the doors of Stoneyway, the nine-bedroom house reserved for the leader of the Opposition. Mila managed to avoid the doorman when *Margaret Trudeau* and *Maurice McTeigue* sought two years ago. McTeigue, with typical restraint, chose to ignore Trudeau's criticism of her "disastrous" taste, but the same resonance in the press may be because of McTeigue's 1982 book, *Residence*. And last June Mulroney invited *Canada's* (and *Maclean's*) chief political columnist down to Stoneyway to make the house her home. Her home. The results: McTeigue's dark-green dining room has given way to Mulroney's lighter forest green; the kitchen has been enlarged, walls have been repainted and repa-



John Paul with Agca, a symbol of forgiveness during the Holy Redemptive Year

RELIGION

Pardon in a prison cell

It looked like a typical Vatican Christmas, with Pope John Paul II in his traditional public decorations, presenting world leaders. But the Pope had another mission in mind this year—he was personal example of forgiveness and understanding. First, on Christmas Eve, he met privately with the grieving family of Bernadette Oriakhi, the 16-year-old Italian girl who was abandoned last June by kidnappers demanding the release from prison of the Pope's would-be assassin, Mehmet Ali Agca. Then, two days later, in an extraneous holiday act, the Pope went into an isolation cell in a prison on the outskirts of Rome and spent 20 minutes alone with Agca himself. As he emerged from the meeting, John Paul said of the man who had tried to kill him: "After these years, I feel that I have a brother with a son in whom I have total trust."

Agca, a Turkish Moslem and convicted murderer who had escaped from a Turkish prison, shot and seriously wounded the Pope in St. Peter's Square on May 13, 1981. Within days, while Agca was still in his hospital bed, the Pope performed his last visit. Last week observers both within and outside the Roman Catholic Church hailed his pall as an exemplary Christian act of largesse. But some church members also worried that Agca was bound to exploit the event. And in Turkey the widely distributed liberal newspaper *Millet-i* Agca's editor, Abdi Ipsek, in a February, 1982, assessmen-

tion—objected strongly to the Pope's plan of terminating Agca's sentence.

Canadian officials agreed the Pope's meeting with Agca in the context of the Holy Redemptive Year—a year of forgiveness and reconciliation.

So did Rev. Bernard Carrière, a national director of the Canadian Justice Fathers and Brothers. "He did it as a symbolic act as Christ forgave those who crucified him." But theologians also observed that, within the context of Catholic theology, the Pope's personal salvation depends on acts of forgiveness. American Jesuit general, Rev. William McNamee, noted that while it is customary for priests of every rank to visit underprivileged people and encourage forgiveness during the Christmas season, it is the first case a pope has addressed in a particular gesture for a private disfavored criminal.

No one overheard the whispered conversation, which likely took place in English and Italian. It was not long before Vatican officials had not only upped the security, but the conversation lasted just two hours, but the conversation lasted just 20 minutes. Still, the Pope confirmed as he left the cell that Agca had expressed remorse for having tried and that he had pardoned his attacker. But the details of the conversation were not as important as the symbolism of the meeting itself. Said McNamee, "Here is a highly visible papacy with a highly visible visitor. It is hard to whisper without it echoing around the world."

—ANNE WALMOUTH
in Toronto

LAW

Settling the rig disaster

The out-of-court settlements were considerably less than Canadian standards, but the 30 Newfoundland widows who accepted compensation last week in St. John's for the loss of their husbands in the Ocean Ranger oil rig disaster, the payments represented were more than just financial security. They meant the end of almost two years of painful legal action. Said Margaret Blackmore, a widow and mother of three small children: "Now we can put an end to our lives."

The rig's owner, Ocean Drilling and Exploration Co. (Incorporated) of New Orleans, and its operator, Mobil Oil Canada Ltd., agreed to pay an average of \$44,000, tax free, per family—an amount lawyers for both sides said was better than they could expect from Canadian courts but less than they might have received from a successful U.S. action. Most of the money is invested in annuities, which will yield more than 8 percent of the families' lives than \$60,000, including interest.

The Ocean Ranger sank in stormy seas off Newfoundland on Feb. 15, 1982, killing 35 men, 87 of them Canadians. Last week's settlements leave only 13 unresolved Canadian claims, and four of these are expected to be concluded within the next month, according to lawyers for ODEC's insurers. Most of the parents of single men who died on the Ranger accepted settlements earlier this month that averaged \$40,000. But at least two Newfoundland families may try to pursue their cases in the United States, where similar claims have produced settlements as high as \$100 million.

But there were practical reasons to seek a settlement before the end of the year. The Newfoundland tax laws will make it harder for claimants to take a tax-free settlement after Dec. 31. As well, Blackmore and the families were disappointed that a district court in Newfoundland ruled last June that it had no jurisdiction to hear damage claims by Canadians. For its part, ODEC now intends to sue the rig's supplier and manufacturer, Mitsubishi Heavy Industries Ltd., for \$250 million. But that is another chapter in the massive disaster that the families want as part of. Said one widow as she left the courtroom: "I don't care what the companies do. I'm just glad it's over."

—RONNIE WOODWARD in St. John's

THAT YEAR IS HERE

George Orwell's novel of totalitarian horror, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, has become such a potent symbol of_squared freedoms that the arrival of the year 1984 has sparked a wave of renewed interest in the English author. His done, stink face stares out from the front of T-shirts and sick bookstores displays. For months a flood of magazine articles and television programs have examined the relative health of Western freedom in the 1980s. But aside from

1984

growing concern over the intrusive power of the computer, most commentators have judged the foundations of democracy to be sound. Others, such as Michael Harrington, distinguished U.S. political activist, socialist and author of *The Other America*, find Orwell's call for eternal vigilance to be urgently relevant. But Orwell's most lasting legacy is that he has given the guardians of human liberty a terrifying portrait of what might happen if they fail.

By Michael Harrington

The conventional view of George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is that it fictionalized the depredations of an older and distant police state like the Soviet Union and other Communist countries. For conservatives, it is comforting to read Orwell's vision that totalitarianism, which also proves that socialism, however well intentioned, inevitably leads to the Gulag. But the book is set in England, not the Soviet Union; the totalitarianism it describes is explained as the outcome of a dynamic within Western society itself, and its author lived and died a democratic socialist. In short, Orwell's vision is much more subversive than it might seem.

In the analysis of Orwell's fictional character Emmanuel Goldstein, who, it is often noted, explains the plot of *Eighty-Four* and why the book is about the West as well as the East. There is, then, theory suggests, a new form of class society on the horizon, and it totalitarian as well as syndicalistic. In it the state owns the means of production, and a bureaucratic elite "owns" the state by virtue of its totalitarian monopoly of political power—and it uses that power for its own purposes. Worse, that new bureaucratic collectivism is not the product of Communist invasion or subversion but of tendencies within democratic itself.

Assume that was indeed Orwell's meaning. Does his vision of a totalitarian society apply to the West today? In its literal details, of course not. In its dramatic sweep, however, it may well apply.

In the West democracy persists in 1984, and that is an enormous accomplishment. But the same time there is a polarization of human consciousness which often intersects the crucial classes to corporates and government technocrats, who make their behind closed doors. In fact, those countries are becoming more collectivist even if we



London's need: the possibility of a gauntlet, Western totalitarianism

Orwell fails to exploit the potential of his own daring insight into the totalitarian potential of Western society. During the 1930s, the American Zionist Lawrence Dennis said that if fascism ever came to the United States it might split itself in half. So too with totalitarianism and collectivism. It is divided into two, to be sure, but hardly split in two. The two wings of the totalitarian movement—fascism, racism and antisemitism—are locked in a mutually symbiotic relationship. None of them wants to defeat the other because victory would deprive them of the rationale for internal security that enabled war profiteering.

There is much that is dated in that notion and much that is embarrassingly valuable. Consider the current U.S. commitment to developing the MX missile as a grisly meat in peacetime. Back in the 1950s Washington got the boldest idea to start a march on the Soviets. The United States would "fire" its missiles—that is, if they can get past multiple independently targeted Ex-exit Vehicles. That phrase, with its Orwellian Newspeak and Dachshund-like delirious way of referring to clusters of city-distracting nuclear bombs. To the surprise and consternation of the U.S. strategists, the impudent Soviets then Mirrored their missiles, which then required

Clearly, it has not come to that yet, but think of just a

few of the current trends that make Orwell disturbingly relevant. With the crisis in the world economy—the惊人的 transformation of a radically changing world division of labor, the make-believe nature of corporate power and technological revolution—every government in the Western world is playing more and more of a directing role in society. What that means, in economic and economic power, exceeding the people from effective participation in that domain, is clear. That is certainly not inevitable, but it is possible and quite Orwellian.

This notion of a chafingly wise, even somewhat democratic *Nineteen Eighty-Four* applies to another of Orwell's images. Canadians and Americans are not under the surveillance of official television cameras in their living rooms like the people in the novel. We are, however, increasingly shadowed in other ways, and perhaps more effectively. Consider the usual insurance number. It began, innocently enough, as an identification number for the purposes of government retirement benefits. It has now become a universal official number, the code that gives access to the national data banks about every citizen. It is used by banks, universities, credit card companies, telephone services, tax and immigration authorities.

There, one sees the possibility of a gauntlet, Orwell—"Western"—totalitarianism. A television camera in one's living room in chattering, silicon, to be recorded, a social insurance number in functional, interactive and the means of a computerized surveillance of the individual.

We are moving from the notion of individual freedom to the fate of the world as portrayed in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*; there are still more disquieting sides of our present. Orwell's three superpowers—Germany, Russia and Fascism—are locked in a mutually symbiotic relationship. None of them wants to defeat the other because victory would deprive them of the rationale for internal security that enabled war profiteering.

There is much that is dated in that notion and much that is embarrassingly valuable. Consider the current U.S. commitment to developing the MX missile as a grisly meat in peacetime. Back in the 1950s Washington got the boldest idea to start a march on the Soviets. The United States would "fire" its missiles—that is, if they can get past multiple independently targeted Ex-exit Vehicles. That phrase, with its Orwellian Newspeak and Dachshund-like delirious way of referring to clusters of city-distracting nuclear bombs. To the surprise and consternation of the U.S. strategists, the impudent Soviets then Mirrored their missiles, which then required

Washington to come up with the MX to protect itself against its own technology. And so it is, a deadly minuet.

There is no mere Orwellian anticipation of the present as an even more complex embodiment of his being wrong and possibly right; those that have gone before. It has to do with the "Praxis," with the double working class in North America.

The Praxis, to be remembered, are not under the close surveillance of the Party because, as a Party leader told Orwell's hero, they "will never result, not in a thousand years or a million." But Orwell's vision of a peasant and working-class working class was, we can know, simply wrong. The Kurt Geyser workers in 1923, the Hungarian in 1956, the Czechs in 1968, and the Polish over and over again since 1980 have been anything but peasant. And in the West, there have been the tremendous bursts of labor energy like the French general strike of 1973. So Orwell's error was serious and uncharacteristic.

But Orwell could become right if several current trends continue. There are now strikes throughout the West as historic gains made by working people and their unions are being reversed. At the same time, major proportions of the future of Western social structure are a society divided between a trained elite and an untrained class doing the dirty work, with little in between. And there is now emerging, in every single Western country, an "underclass" of the marginalized and exploited, many of them members of minority groups. If technological prevelence, if technological revolution shapes our social structure without a human dimension, then, as a setting never foreseen by Orwell's prophetic pen, his judgment on the Praxis could come true. That is, Western nations might succeed in producing a disengaged minority that would be putty in the hands of the managerialists.

I say "if" these things were to happen, and that gets to the last, and most crucial, point about *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Orwell was not a fortune-teller of history, and if one reads his book like a deck of cards rather than a book in a human hand, the results will be plain silly. But the all the more pressing of the West, he felt, will be the peasant. Like Orwell, he said that you perished in these ways, then you will make the future. I only predict a possibility. But since the French, he says, predicted that his own way, few would not be realistic. He only speaks to those of us who want to challenge the bureaucracies and elites with truly democratic policies. But that is not to say that we must confine ourselves to 1984 as a fate. It is to invite us to act against it. □



U.S. vehicles and troops in West Germany: a deadly minuet

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A brief and contradictory life

By Linda Dushku and Ann Finkbeiner

When *Nineteen Eighty-Four* appeared on Jan. 5, 1949, George Orwell did not believe his novel would be a success. He was dying of tuberculosis and predicted, "I shall be lucky if I make 500 sold out of it." Shortly after the book's release, he entered hospital for the last time and died at 46 in January, 1950. Of course, Orwell was wrong. Not only did *Nineteen Eighty-Four* sell 600,000 copies in its first year of publication, but it has made the terms Big Brother, Newspeak and Hate Week familiar to tens of millions of readers in 60 languages. In the totalitarian state of Oceania, that is, an entire film industry, Orwell himself did not give up hope. Before he died, he wrote: "I do not believe the kind of world I described will arrive, but I believe that something resembling it could arrive."

Now that 1984 is finally here, as many of scholars and樵夫 continue to debate whether Nineteen Eighty-Four's horrific vision has come true. However, Orwell's sequel to the 20th century goes far beyond the influence of his best-known book. Since his death, his ideas have become synonymous with the German theorist, "Fascism against itself," and his friend, writer Arthur Koestler. "He was against everything that stank in society, everything that was traps and cobwebs and decay and petrification in himself and in society. There was no compromise."

In his brief lifetime, Orwell became a superb political writer, essayist and journalist who wrote because there was always "more life" he had to express. His Essays, warlike style translated in *Animal Farm* (1945) and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, which not only testify to his political commitment but stand today among the classics of the English language. "To write in plain, vigorous language," he wrote, "one has to think firmly, and if one thinks clearly, one

cannot be politically orthodox." Above all, he was a very human man who inspired both love and hatred among his friends and peers. George Orwell had great respect for his novelist friend, Stephen Spender. "Orwell had a poet's temperament; he had a character, a Charlie Chaplin movie—a person who was playing a role but with a great sort of poise and great sincerity."

Indeed, Orwell's life was full of contradiction.

Sad Frank Frischfeld, who fought with him in the Spanish Civil War. "He had been middle-class public school educated. Anybody who was poor, stark" Orwell's dedication to the conservative cause, his contempt for some of the revisionists' sexism and hard work, his lack of political alternatives to the systems he attacked, his anti-colonialism and his refusal to accept industrialisation still perplex those who would like to categorise him as a progressive and original thinker.

Orwell's socialist ideas stemmed from his observations of the grinding poverty and hunger marches of the Depression and the brutality of oppressive regimes in Spain, Germany and the Soviet Union. Nevertheless, he never really understood the working people he fought for, and wrote about them "naïf, kindly, fuzzy, they had teeth and gentle manners" with both condescension and derision. Love. He yearned to put down roots, yet he was always on the move. He was deeply influenced by strong women, yet tended to be contemptuous of them. He was a brilliant innocent and could perceive pretension and cant, yet he could not envision an alternative society except to briefly define it as decent and honorable. Re-called British author V.S. Pritchett, as Orwell customarily did, "he understood him as a point. It was hard to know him, hard to get to know him, because you could not find an angle when you had found an angle, when he would contradict it."

Undoubtedly, Orwell was a political participant whose writings are among the bleakest ever uttered. "If you want a picture of the future," he wrote, "imagine a boot stamping a human face—forever." But he was by no means a man who hated life. Instead, he fought long distance from early childhood, a valiant rebel against his own frail body. "Do you think that one can die if one gets a look in one's mind that one wants to write?" he plaintively asked his friend, publisher David Astor, when he was struggling through the last pages of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. He longed to get



Orwell still lives: 1984, a series of revolutions



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back to his writing—a great passion, which ranked above all else in his life, including his wife, Eileen. "Writing a book is a terrible, exhausting struggle," he once revealed in his essay "Why I Write" (1946). "One would never undertake such a thing if one were not driven by some desire whose aim can neither resist nor understand."

Contemporaries recall vivid images of Orwell the writer, the solitary figure, his mournful, long-jawed face shadowed by fatigue as he sat ramrod-straight at his typewriter, an ever-present cigarette, hand-rolled from aerial tobacco, dangling loosely from his lips. He dressed with a certain shabbiness—"a mixture of army surplus and French workwear," according to another editor, Tom Fyvel—and often dropped small amounts of ash on his clothes as he typed. He was a giant, and people could kiss of John the Baptist figure he so stalked through the hardscrabble alleys of the English intelligentsia, leaving shattered pretension strewn in his wake. Pritchett once described him memorably: "Tall and bony, the face lined with pain, eyes that stared out of their cases, he looked far away over one's head, as if seeing more discomfort and new indignities."

He was born Eric Arthur Blair on June 25, 1903, in the Indian town of Motihari on the Ganges River. It was an age of comfort for people in his class—an era in which the Union Jack still flew over a brave colonial empire. His father, Richard Blair, a poor relation of the Earl of Westmoorland, was a civil servant in the British colonial service. Not long after Eric's birth, his mother, Muriel, like all good English colonial mothers, sent him and his older sister, Marjorie, back to England for proper schooling. They settled in the old river town of Headington, Thame, a favorite of the upper-middle-class, and swagged into the rural country life of peasant England.

His father came home on occasional leave, and a sister, Avril, was born when Eric was five. Childhood friend Jagnatha Buddha remembers him as a happy, reflecting child who adored the lush, rolling countryside and delighted in the "boyc" pursuits of fishing and hunting. Orwell's own recollections are stark: a sad little boy without a father in the company of women. In "Why I Write," he recalled, "I had the lonely child's habit of making up stories and holding conversations with imaginary persons, and I think from the very beginning my literary ambitions were mixed up with the feelings of being isolated and undermined."

Later in life, Orwell dismasted his upbringing as "a sort of account of human wreckage left behind when the tide of



Orwell (circled) and childhood friend; and at Eileen shortly after



Orwell and Eileen at Aragon Front in Spanish Civil War (1937); resilience



victorian prosperity receded." His "shabby protégé" family pocketed most of its income into keeping up appearances and, of course, there was never enough money. He was disgusted by the staggering superiority with which the better classes regarded working people—"haunted by bursts of vicious hatred"—although he came to those conclusions only after he reached adult life.

Both St. Cyprian's, a rigorous prep school which he attended at reduced rates, and Elton, the leading English public school, devoted themselves to transforming English lads into stiff-lipped gentlemen. In fact, it was universally acknowledged that "Elton made the men for life," and Orwell was marked for life. Although he intended to go to the schools he attended, he was not a happy child, as he recalled, "I had no time, I was weak, I was ugly, I was unpopular, I had a chronic cough, I was cowardly, I wasn't, I was an unattractive boy."

By the time he won a scholarship to Elton in 1914, he was no longer the diligent student of St. Cyprian's. Undeniably brilliant and already sensitive, he was bored by the swaggering pomposity and intellectual vacillations of Elton and chose to learn only from professors whom he respected—novelist and critic Aldous Huxley among them. Rosaledal school down Sir John Connally: "I was a stage rebel, Eric was a first one." He left Elton in 1922, joined the Imperial Indian Police and was dispatched to Burma. He stayed for five years and by the end of it he had developed a profound hatred for imperialism. "Born from the outside," he writes, "the British role in India appears—indeed, it is—benign and even necessary. But it is not possible to be part of such a system without recognizing it an unjustifiable tyranny." Night after night, he sat in "Kipling houses" clubs, listening to His Majesty's imperial racists calling the Indian people "ugly little bitches."

There was no home for Orwell in Burma, yet when he returned to England he wrote two of the finest pieces of journalism of the 20th century. The first, *A Hanging* (1931), tells of the execution of a Hindu, a young little man on his way to the gallows who clapped his hands to hold a mud puddle Orwell explained. "I am curious, but tell that man, I am angry, when I see what it means to destroy a body, a human mass. When I see the prisoner step to avoid the paddle, I saw the mystery, the unpeakable wrongness of cutting a life short when it is in full tide." In "Shooting

an Elephant (1937), Orwell recalls how he stalked up to kill an animal that had run amok and trampled an Indian to death. "There was I," he wrote, "the white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd, knowing the leading actor in the piece, but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those fellow faces behind. I perceived at this moment that when the white man turns tyrant, it is his own freedom that he destroys."

By that time, Orwell was determined to be a writer. Burns had left him with a bad conscience and too many memo-

rands (see *The Road to Wigan Pier*) it was his first step—to "begin again." It is the second self in art form—that is the relentless process of exorcising the ghosts of his class.

Down and Out in Paris and London is a curious book. It is not a political tract and gives few hints of the transformation to come. Indeed, critics immediately attacked him for being a poseur who claimed destitution when in fact he was at without hope—or, for that matter, resources. But it was the notion of the equality of man and the discovery that the lower orders are not corrupt that led to his publications.

Then, his publisher, Gollancz, sent him to the north of England to write about the effects of unemployment on country workers. While as clearly didactic and political views as guide—or hamper—him, Orwell produced a moving description of the marshmen's poverty, their dreary housing conditions and difficulties of the dole in caring hardship in *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937). The impact of that tour, only three weeks long, helped to shape his political views for the rest of his life. It induced a complicated emotional response (as had Burns) of guilt and compassion for a lower class that had been taught to despise. If Orwell was never able to offer concrete alternatives to existent systems. Above all else, he was a journalist, a poetical chronicler of man's inhumanity to man, and his book was a stirring rebuke of both the English establishment and contemporary socialism. The book, he believed, was as ready to typify as the Right, and he didn't mind it. One sometimes gets the impression that the words "socialism" and "communism" draw toward them with magnetic force every fruit-jacket drainer, coalit, sandal-wearer, sex maniac, Quaker, "Nature Cure" grouch, pacifist and feminist in England."

Shortly after the publication of *Wigan Pier* came the most decisive experience of his life. In Spain, the right-wing forces of Generalissimo Francisco Franco attacked the democratically elected leftist government. Orwell could not resist the call to fight fascism. Six months in Spain confirmed his socialist beliefs. He later wrote, "Every line of serious work that I have written since 1936 has been, directly or indirectly, against totalitarianism and for democratic socialism as I understand it." He arrived in Barcelona to fight with the Workers' Party of Marxist Unification, a small socialist organization. In his passionate essay *Homenaje a Cataluña*



Orwell with mother in India. Kipling haunted!

ries of aging peasants he had bullied and servants and coolies he had punched in moments of rage. Accordingly, he wrote, "I wanted to submerge myself, to get right down among the oppressed, to be one of them and their side against the tyrants." For five years he had no regular job. He lived in Paris and London, accepting supplemental and financial support from his mother and aunt. He was estranged from his father, and the distance was one reason he had no desire to return to England. In *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1938) he did not want to rejoin his family. "I rather fear George Orwell," he told his agent after listing a few possibilities, and on Jan. 8, 1938, Victor Gollancz pub-

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down (1936), he described the bright hopes of the Spanish revolution—the heady days in Barcelona when shopkeepers, bakers and writers all basked in the "aura of equality."

But in many ways Orwell was still a political naïf. It was one thing for a disillusioned young cynic to read about corrupt politics in *The New Statesman* magazine or meander through the slums of Paris and London; and another to be in the Spanish trenches in 1937. Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy had joined France, while Stalin and the Soviet Union aided the Spanish Communists in return for toting the party line. The war on the Republican side tragically collapsed into political rivalry and hatred. Orwell, while recuperating from a bullet wound in the chest, learned that the Spanish Communists, abetted by the Soviet Union, had purged the *Workers' Party* as a group of counterrevolutionaries and traitors. He developed a profound sense of revulsion and betrayal, and his hatred of fascism and of Stalinism endured. Eventually, his insight into political manipulation and propaganda would lead to *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four.*

In a fable that he thought everyone could understand, Orwell exposed the Soviet-style American society as a metaphor for the failure of the Russian revolution, and, since its publication in April 1945, Orwell has been criticized for contributing to the Western failure to understand the Soviet Union. Still, *Animal Farm* is a brilliant satire of any modern dictatorship. The idea for the book came to him as he watched a boy whip a cart horse. "It struck me," he said, "that if only such animals became aware of their strength, we should have no power over them, and that men exploit animals in much the same way as the rich exploit the poor."

Spender's "A kind of securer safety"



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID HALL

Orwell had married Eileen O'Bryan, an Oxford graduate who was studying for an advanced degree in psychology, and for nearly a decade she devoted herself to his well-being. She once remarked to a friend that her brother would come from the ends of the earth if she sent him a telegram. "George wouldn't do that," she said, simply. Recalled her friend Lydia Judd:

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"He was a solipsist to Orwell the man, and a social animal to his friend Spender," she said. "He accepted that Orwell had the right to be as much of an atheist, as of his animal life lived," she continued. "We thought of him as a kind of singular saint." But perhaps it's easier to imagine George Orwell with the shirky behavioral of sanctified. He was a human man with vital political and secular concerns. He hated the power-buoyancy with passion, yet indulged himself in petty rivalries and jealousies; he believed the future lay in the common sense of working people, yet scorned their need for "drums, flags and loyalty parades"; and he searched tirelessly for the truth and ignored those who lived true along the way. Orwell dedicated his life to proving the resilience of the human spirit in his work. In so doing, the clarity and beauty of his prose taught his readers to love the English language. In the end, his weaknesses surely served to hold a mirror to the weaknesses of mankind. □

Spender in 1946: A need for answers to the kind of his



Spender "was always sorry Eliezer married George. She deserved someone who would support her. I think his wife was kind to him, human relationships just hardened." But Eileen and Orwell never complained, and shortly before her death the couple had adopted a baby boy, whom they named Richard, because Orwell always regretted being childless. Even in the end, Orwell was in Germany, and she died alone. His friend Stephen Spender remembered telling him how sorry he was and how much he had always liked Eileen. "Yes," replied Orwell. "She was a good old soul." He had an affair, and Spender, that "he possessed was that of a working-class man to his wife."

Orwell had loved Eileen, but he found someone to share his life. Over the next five years he fell in love, deteriorated and he found in "broader and harder to believe that young world eventually come"—he proposed to four women and eventually married Sonia Brownell in late 1949, just before his death. To one of the women he wrote, "I think that I have another three worthwhile books in me, besides a lot of odds and ends, but I want peace and quiet, and someone to be fond of me." Of course, he had little time left. Orwell moved to the wind-swept island of Jura in the Scottish Hebrides and completed *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. On Jan. 21, 1950, he died of pulmonary tuberculosis in London.

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Globe Africa building surveillance system; increasing signals that Canada may be drifting toward Orwell's world

SPECIAL REPORT

Privacy and the computer state

By Linda Diessel

Privacy was a very valuable thing. Everyone wanted a place where they could be alone occasionally.

—Winston Smith

For Winston Smith, the rebellious hero of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, there was no privacy. On the landing outside his grubby little flat, hung a poster of an enormous face with a caption that read: "Big Brother is watching you." Inside, the telescreens with its never-sleeping eye transmitted his movements to the Thought Police. To avoid the prying gaze he rented a shabby room over a junk shop to be alone with his brother. So where were we, escaping Big Brother? One day an intruder spied on them from outside of their territory. There was a crash of broken glass, and a pause fell to the floor, uncovering the telescreens hidden behind it. It was, Winston knew, "unthinkable to disobey the iron rules from the wall."

Clearly, George Orwell's vision remains largely unfulfilled as James Earl Ray, a State University of New York sociologist and respected Orwell scholar, recently wrote in an essay on *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. "Contrary to Orwell's gloomy anticipation, the Western democracies have not abandoned their institutions in realms like Nazi Germany or Stalin's U.S.S.R. Still, some of the most respected legal and technical experts in the Western world warn that privacy and freedom are threatened by the ever-expanding capabilities of a device that Orwell did not live to see—the computer." To date, documented cases of computer abuse have been rare—but certainly not at the hands of a Big Brother—but concern is growing about the potential for widespread, centralized abuse of the information stored in thousands of computer data banks.

In 1984 government and big business will continue to collect, store and distribute details about the private lives of millions of citizens at the world's multiplying networks of computers. There are few effective controls on how

that information is used. Explained Great Hineswood, counsel to the University of Alberta's Institute of Law Research and Reform: "Facts by themselves mean little, but the ability to tie numerous numbers of facts together—the marriage of data files and the computer—is the curse of the game of power." For his part, John Giese, the newly appointed federal privacy commissioner, cautions that, so far, Canadians are "technopassives," largely ignorant of the extent and power of computers.

There is privacy legislation on the books: The Federal Privacy Act of 1982

supplemented and strengthened privacy provisions in the Canadian Human Rights Act of 1977, and renamed the privacy commissioner's powers to investigate privacy complaints with a view against the federal government and its contractor government data banks. The new act regulates the collection, retention, protection, disclosure and disposal of personal information by the federal government. But it does not apply to the private sector.

Quebec is the only provincial government that has introduced public sector



data protection laws. Bill 65, passed in June 1982, established an independent supervisory commission to oversee the protection of privacy in the public sector. But other existing provincial privacy acts in British Columbia (1980), Manitoba (1979) and Saskatchewan (1979) are, according to David Flaherty, a University of Western Ontario history and law professor, "relatively unused and unusable, and would be of no assistance in responding to challenges posed by the new information technology because of their limited scope."

Furthermore, Canadians, unlike Americans, have no constitutional right to privacy. Indeed, in 1982 the committee of the Constitution debated an amendment to the Constitution providing for "freedom from unreasonable interference with privacy, family, home and correspondence." Said Flaherty: "It remains symbolic of the legal status of privacy in Canada that a right to personal privacy was not included in the charter in the first place."

The existence of a modern grid of information banks not only threatens privacy—historically a tenet of liberal democratic society—but it raises disturbing questions about who has access to personal information and why and who should govern its use in both the public and private sectors. In his seminal 1987 book, *Privacy and Freedom*, Columbia University law professor and privacy theorist Alan Westin said that privacy is the right of individuals to determine for themselves when, how and to whom certain information about them can be communicated to others.

However, Flaherty, who has studied privacy issues in Canada for the past two decades, believes that Canadians have already lost control over who has access to the most intimate details of their private lives. He argues that while there is minimal public sector protection of privacy in Canada, there is nothing governing the private sector's use of its many banks of information. Said Flaherty: "At least privacy protection issues are well manageable. But if we do not come to grips with them, then the kind of world that Orwell predicted in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* will come true by 2004."

The scope of the problem is enormous. The federal government alone has more than 1,000 government data banks, operating with an estimated 40 million of the day-to-day lives of Canadians. Government control of the passage of people from birth until death, via a legacy of indecipherable "electronic tracks" that follow the information in records or not. But there is growing evidence to indicate that Canadians are becoming increasingly aware that the most intimate details of their lives are being tracked. In 1982 a poll by Bell Canada on public attitudes to new

computer technology showed that 65 per cent of 2,000 people polled supported invasion of privacy at their names' expense. Another poll, which Flaherty conducted for the Ontario department of communications last year, revealed that 84 percent of participants felt that storage of personal information on computers poses a danger to personal privacy. Indeed, there are increasing signs that their fears are justified and that Canadians may be drifting toward Orwell's vision.

In late 1982 Revenue Canada demanded complete access to selected encoded data banks in order, as the agency explained, to search for individual and corporate tax evaders. Consequently, former Tax leader Joe Clark accused Revenue Canada of "setting up

a massive detective agency" merely to go on a fishing expedition. Clark warned that the practice would allow the powerful ministry "access to literally any information that any citizen has given his agency at any point in his life."

* In 1981 Alberta Supreme Court Justice Donald McDonald's royal commission into the affairs of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police argued strict controls as far as the force had operated on 380,000 Canadians during the past two decades. Alberta's General Safety Regulation 1980 gave the commission power to have the computers seized and destroyed, but to date he has not exercised ministry decision.

* In 1983 two Ontario royal commissioners concluded that there was no consistent policy to protect personal information in the province's 127 data banks. More than 30,000 provincial employees with ministry identity cards can scan files containing personal information, according to the Williams Commission on Freedom of Information and Individual Privacy. For its part, the Krever Commission on the Confidentiality of Health Records pointed out that the minister routinely receives confidential medical data from provincial health insurance offices and that doctors and hospital employees frequently allow private investigators access to personal medical files. Both commissions recommended privacy protective legislation. Despite a number of measures, legislation is still pending.

For critics such as the three-year-old Canadian privacy comes from recent enlargement. Big Brother, the Ogopogo Hall Law School Dean John McCausland, for one, who was research director for the Williams commission, warns against governments' licensable hunger for efficiency and the consequences of a new age of commercialization. Said McCausland: "We are not there yet but we are sliding down that slippery slope toward *Big Brother*."

Other countries have recognized the dangers. In 1983 the Swedish government passed tough privacy protection legislation and set up the Data Inspection Board, which monitors personal information that both government and business collect and its distribution in Sweden and abroad. Board President Jan Fransén has the power to curtail the dissemination of data that he believes to be intrusive. In Canada there is no legislation pending to protect personal information distributed abroad by either the corporate or public sector in

as the advisability of allowing personal and business data to flow freely to foreign countries. National boundaries are irrelevant to data that leaps from one computer terminal to the next. During the Krever commission hearings, investigators learned that health data on Ontario citizens is routinely stored in the data banks of Rettigus Inc., an Atlanta private investigation company which specializes in preparing reports on pre-

1979 a federal committee chaired by John V. Glynn, former chairman of MacMillan Bloedel, studied the implications of telecommunications for Canadian society and then outlined the hazards in a report: "Of all the technologies developing so rapidly today, that of information [computer communications] poses possibly the most dangerous threat to Canadian sovereignty."

Glynn's Flaherty believes that

use as an experimental basis in Victoria, Vancouver, Toronto, Ottawa and St. John's, Newfoundland, who recently completed a study on two-way systems in Canada. "Organizations such as the NSA would find two-way cable the answer to the difficult problem of making surveillance of an entire population conceivable."

Computers may also be fulfilling Orwell's vision in less dramatic ways. Already, critics charge that social relations and human value systems are being changed by the introduction of the Data Inspection Board. President Fransén told MacAusland: "If Orwell rose from his grave tomorrow, he would be astonished at the sophisticated methods we have developed for watching each other."

Even if the primary collection of data proceeds in an ethical manner, computer "hackers" have demonstrated the ease with which criminals and vandals can gain access to confidential data. In 1982 officials at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York called in the FBI when they discovered that a group of young hackers using some computer skills had stolen approximately \$100,000 in controlled medication, treatment financing and reports of computer break-ins by hackers and the apparent lack of technology to prevent computer theft have challenged traditional codes of right and wrong. Robert Johnson, a computer expert with the Alberta department of public works, pointed out that

"To many people it isn't a sin to break a computer—it is just another level of challenge." Federal Justice Minister Mack MacGuigan announced proposed legislation governing computer crime last summer, but there is still no indication of when it will be enacted.

As the debate about the harmful potential of intrusive technology intensifies, it is becoming clear that technological developments are eroding the ability of both the public and government to keep pace. What Orwell did not consider, privacy expert Rob Scheifele, is that technology would develop on its own without the "spirit of totalitarian intent." He adds, "The only absolute safety lies in avoiding the development of systems that concentrate potentially valuable information." But for all practical purposes, these systems are already in place. What is needed now, suggested Ogood's McCausland, is to set privacy codes for both government and business

and to minimize the amount of personal data collected about people in the first place.

Still, information consultant Thanea Riley, an advisor to Canadian organizations on privacy, worries that those who police our data systems could themselves turn into thought police. She declared: "The new technologies are beyond the grasp of most people, so they absolve themselves of responsibility. That could be our downfall." George Orwell would have agreed. After *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was published, he summed up his vision: "The effort to be free from this dangerous nightmare situation is a simple one: 'Don't let it happen. It depends on you.'

With Mark Budde in Vancouver, Nancy Johnson Smith in Calgary, Carol Kennedy in London and Christopher Money in Stockholm

McCausland avoiding the slippery slope



McCausland: "It remains symbolic of the input status of info."

specify employees and running credit checks. However, two key questions remain unanswered: should Canadian data, much of it collected by U.S. branch-plant operations, move so freely to foreign countries? And how can Canada maintain its sovereignty when the law does not cover data on Canadians that is stored abroad?

Other countries have recognized the dangers. In 1983 the Swedish government passed tough privacy protection legislation and set up the Data Inspection Board, which monitors personal information that both government and business collect and its distribution in Sweden and abroad. Board President Jan Fransén has the power to curtail the dissemination of data that he believes to be intrusive. In Canada there is no legislation pending to protect personal information distributed abroad by either the corporate or public sector in

North America. Subscribers to two-way cable systems already face the possibility that their data will be invaded. Recently, the manager of Columbus, Ohio, service, an on-line demonstration of Orwell's warning. Subscribers to a system called "Qube" send messages to a computerized control centre by means of palm-sized pads. The users then use the service, for everything from watching selected programmes to responding to public opinion polls. The user's computer informs about them. A citizen who was charged with showing pornographic movies devised to subpoena the company's records to prove that many people, including the city's leading citizens, were already watching pornography on television at home. Only the judge's decision to allow general statements and not specific names protected the viewer's privacy. In Canada two-way cable is in

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Miró in 1970 and Painting (1933), always with the mythology, hallucinations and caprice that flooded his imagination

ART

The unlabelled legacy of Joan Miró

By Shona McKay

Joan Miró's boyhood years in Barcelona provided no clue to his future greatness. He was the despair of his teachers and the bane of his parents, a 1960 report card described the seven-year-old as "a very poor student, absent and rather taciturn and dreamy." His parents finally enrolled him at 14 in a drawing school, but Miró was soon frustrated to discover that he could not distinguish between a straight line and a curved one. Far off that, when Miró died of heart disease at his home in Majorca last week at the age of 90, there was no doubt that he was one of the greatest Spanish painters of the 20th century and one of the seminal figures in the history of modern art.

Although Miró suffered the label of surrealism, the classic Miró style emerged after his break with the movement in the late 1920s. In the bold black ground work of subtle but bold blues and greens of *Panting* (1928), the aspects of art that would preoccupy him for the rest of his life were already firmly established. In as airy space, Miró wove angular black lines to define transparent and opaque spaces that always seem to verge on, but never quite meet, a recognizable object. Through contrasts and repetitions of color, shape and mood, the divergent parts of *Panting* flow into a lyrical whole.

Miró's mature style grew out of the

eclectic path he trod as a young artist. His early works, such as "The Church, Céretas" (1911), pay homage to both Cézanne and Van Gogh. That same painting is also an early example of Miró's lifelong fascination with the Catalonian countryside. In 1918, at the age of 26, Miró travelled to Paris, where he naturally gravitated toward the fellow countrymen Pablo Picasso and the tenets of cubism. But it was the Paris atmosphere of the mid-1920s that drove him to discover that he had created a style that distinguished him from a straight line and a curved one. Far off that, when Miró died of heart disease at his home in Majorca last week at the age of 90, there was no doubt that he was one of the greatest Spanish painters of the 20th century and one of the seminal figures in the history of modern art.

The *Surrealist Manifesto*, written by the French poet André Breton in 1924 and endorsed by Max Salvador Dali, Jean Arp, Max Ernst, Man Ray, René Magritte, Paul Klee and Yves Tanguy, all of whom would achieve world renown, called for the resolution of dream and reality into a "chaotic reality, a surreality." Miró's *Carnival of Harlequin* (1924-25) manifested the surrealists' identification with the group. Influenced by the poetical or the pictorial world, the shapes in *Carnival* both whimsically serpentine and two-timed brown background. *Carnival* marked the beginning of Miró's mature style, in which he experimented with color, line, shape and form—and always with the mythology, hallucinations and caprice that flooded his imagination.

Although Miró exhibited with the surrealists in their first group show in Paris in 1925 and his work continued to

be associated with the movement throughout his life, he professed no allegiance to any one group or style. The reclusive Miró even set himself aside from the spotlight that illuminated his famous counterculture and contemporaries. Please see Dali. Said Miró: "I feel completely free, without any label. To say I am a surrealist, Joan Miró or Joan Miró, [the] Surrealist, doesn't mean so much. At least in so far as the organization, both within himself and in his work, Miró explored various art forms, including pottery, mosaics, sculpture, collage and stage design. Even the titles he chose for his art were multi-dimensional. A lover of poetry and "the plastic role of the word," Miró felt entirely at home in such a verbal jungle as *The Lovers' Wing Encircled with Golden Blue Jaws the Heart of the Red Poppy Sleeping in a Field of Diamonds*.

Ironically, for a man who wished to step outside the mainstream of art Miró became one of the most important influences on modernist art. That was particularly true in the United States. The paintings of Jackson Pollock and Aristotle Gorky and the murals of Alexander Calder owe a fundamental debt to Miró's particular vision. But Miró, quietly living out the last 20 years of his life in his villa in Majorca, remained an unassuming figure. Declined the man who gave us much to the world of 20th-century art: "I have invented nothing." Q

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New programs for the thinking child



Switchboard host Stan Johnson and (below) Street's Stacie Matzynski and Sarah Charnock

By Patricia Hluchy

Amid the stock one-dimensional children who abound in television drama, a character like Al from *Al's World* is a welcome figure. The adolescent hero of *R.W.*, a CBC miniseries scheduled to appear on Jan. 15, Al is neither clinging angel nor incurable misfit, the two prevailing stereotypes of young people on TV. Like real children, he is a little bit of both. A gifted, descriptively mature 13-year-old, Al has just skipped two grades and is panicking about his abrupt separation from childhood. Sensitive play by a wiz, salesman Christopher Grahame, Al spends his days hidden in the rafters of the family garage, tinkering with electronics instead of facing the new pressures of the "R.W."—the real world.

With Al and a host of other fall-blooded young characters, CBC Television has itself plunged into the real world of children and their growing up. In recent years the network and a growing number of independent producers have created a new breed of realistic quality drama aimed at children between 6 and 14, an audience that television has largely neglected in re-

cent years. This week the CBC launches two such dramatic series, both of them co-produced with independent film houses. *Sons and Daughters* is a series of six half-hour dramas—including *R.W.*—premiering on Jan. 1. Another newcomer is *The Edifice Theory*, an adventure series which debuts on Jan. 3. The two shows join *Jesus Does the Street*, a weekly series of realistic mini-dramas now in its second season. As well, several nondramatic shows have fanned the boom in programming that

has followed television's failure to portray children realistically.

That failure of television to portray children realistically has boosted Harcourt, the most significant figure in the recent past, since she began working in children's television at the CBC seven years ago. Intent on producing dramas that, she said, "really put a child foremost," Harcourt contemplated a series of dramas with the strong, young characters and youthful sensitivity of such titles as *Les bons débarras* and *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*. But the three producers who constitute Atlantic Films Ltd. in Toronto had their own plans for making quality drama for children. Having already produced *The Olden Days* Cast, an award-winning, half-hour children's drama based on Margaret Laurence's story, is 1886, Michael MacMillan, Beaton McLean and Janice Pratt were anxious to do a series based on literary works for children. The Atlantic collaboration with Harcourt yielded *Sons and Daughters*, a series of fast, energetic dramas that compress an enormous wealth of wisdom and characterization into 30 minutes.

Apart from *R.W.*, based on an original screenplay by Jack Blain, Stephen Cole and Paul

responde to children's sensibilities. Among those in CBC's three-year-old *Switchboard*, a supremely produced variety magazine already appearing in Halifax, Vancouver and Winnipeg, which premieres in Calgary and Regina on Jan. 8 and 29 respectively.

All of these programs, particularly the dramas, are antidotes to the traditional after-school fare of cartoons, soap operas and reruns of adult shows. Industry observers say that the new wave in children's drama is partly a response to the fact that, by school age, most children have started watching adult shows and are too sophisticated for the traditional children's program. Moreover, virtually nowhere in the television spectrum do children see an accurate reflection of their own experiences. Said Nada Harcourt, head of CBC-TV's children's department: "TV has not really dealt with kids in a three-dimensional dramatic way."

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Kelly and Green: A slip of 16 goes with her umbrella of passion and a backbone of lots of

A tent full of sweetness

CHAUTAUQUA GIRL
CG, Jun. 8

The farmers who settled Western Canada faced a backbreaking life as they eamed subsistence from the rich soil. Still, they managed to leave behind traditions more enlightened than agriculture. In the 20th century's first decades, a Methodist minister and his wife share of Lake Chautauqua, N.Y., brought spreading doors, amateur theatricals and trained troops to culturally impoverished towns throughout North America. Chautauqua Girl beautifully recognizes that apart, but not entwined, past and present.

In the opening scene of the two-hour film, two Montana ranchers rob the local bank of the fraternal Alberta town of Fairview. The next morning, bellicose farmers, whose crops have failed disastrously, gather for a possible run on the bank. The hardassurable natives, in 1911, blame the province's Liberal government for their woes and look for their salvation in the new United Farmers of Alberta (UFA).

On the sameateful day, young, fragile-souled Sally Drinnon (Diane Lane) arrives to stage Fairview's first Chautauqua festival. But she meets almost indifference from both men and women's folk who associate music and playacting as bourgeoisie trifles.

But this slip of an interlocking girl has a backbone of steel and an unquelled passion. Gone seems charmingly inside the prototype of a liberated woman whose rives unshackled across the expanses of the West. Her free spirit

slowly wins over a shy widower (Terry-Genes Kelly) who is the riding's candidate for the UFA, which soon leaves the government.

The film romances up the life and lovesickness of the poor but resolute farmers with a loving authenticity Chautauqua Girl carries. We see the minister's wife shadowed in shades of taxation under Anti-war producer Jessica Lange (You've曾 a Long Way, Baby) provides a secret-suspected story that does not resent a contrivance or conflict. She lets events unfold plausibly—with the exception of a provincial (seemingly) turn of the screws—and gives Sally the confidence and spark to raise the Chautauqua tent against heavy odds. Says one character: "It's the women who get things done in the West."

Sally proves the worth of the masses in the festival itself, which shines as the finale of Chautauqua Girl. Weather-beaten faces glow again with forgotten smiles as the Treble Clef Club warbles Alice Blue Goss and a farm reporter measures the audience with talk from Baghdad. The film is not entirely reverential toward the Chautauqua festival, and some of the acts pale fair at the bottom of a used-to-hire pocket into the text. But when Sally, in an impulsive gesture, transports a bit of the festival to the farm of an arid old Sonoranman, the moment is unashamedly joyous.

The once widely spread Chautauqua movement has now vanished everywhere except where it began, on the shore of Lake Chautauqua in southwestern New York. Chautauqua Girl brings back the full bloom of its exuberant youth.

—Bill MacVicar

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Warmhearted spies in a cold land

THE STRANGEST DREAM:
CANADIAN COMMUNISTS, THE
SPY TRIALS, AND THE COLD WAR
By Merrily Weisbird
(Leader & Orpen Deacon,
222 pages, \$15.95)

Communists, like war veterans, enjoyed dwelling on past battles. In 1977 Victor Gornick's *The Remakers of American Communism* astutely explained why, in the 1930s and early 1940s, large numbers of Americans turned to communism as the solution in the United States' ill-fated New Deal. Weisbird, a 45-year-old Montreal writer and broadcaster, has examined the same phenomena in Canada, focusing on the Montreal area. Weisbird attempts to understand just how and why her parents' generation saw that dream turn into nightmare.

The result is a beautifully written, evocative and often moving account of the betrayal of a generation's hopes. Weisbird writes of the idealism of the party members that grew out of the hopelessness of the 1930s. The capitalist system had apparently failed, and its parties could only mouth the old nostrums. But the Communist Party, concerned and committed, was there to offer help to those who needed it. Some were Jews, disdained by the southern anti-Semites of Montreal. Some were French-speaking Catholics, seeking a better answer than sterile nationalism and clerical authoritarianism. Others were professionals or artisans, seeking a more humane society; there was room for them too.

In one obvious sense, there was a quality of naïveté about the party's supporters. By the time of the great show trials in the USSR in the late 1930s, there was no reason for Western Communists to harbor many illusions about Soviet society. But many Canadians blamed pragmatists in the Right for the distortion and excesses many Soviets excused in the face of Hitler's threat. Not even the Hitler-Stalin Pact of August, 1939, changed their opinions.

When the Second World War broke out and when events made the Soviet Union and the West allies against Germany, many rank-and-file Communists were in a panic to pretend government agents to the men from the newly established Soviet mission to Canada. Weisbird admits in *The Strangest Dream* that when she began her research she believed that the Canadian government had trumped up the spy

charges. That illusion shattered quickly, but she still downplays the effectiveness and potential danger of the espionage networks run out of the Soviet Embassy. Experts will quarrel with her assessment and some of her interpretations.

What is important about Weisbird's book is the new information she adds



Rose 'Don't talk. Nothing will happen'

from party sources. Her major source was Fred Rose (who died in 1983), the Montreal Labour Progressive Party MP who was one of the Soviets' key spy recruits. For the first time, Rose emerges as a complex person, a good family man but a warmonger, a committed Canadian but a Soviet agent, an idealist who did and said things he knew were false. In other words, Rose was a product of Canada between the wars, an intelligent man who had seen his hopes for Canada betrayed and one who sought a new god in communism.

Weisbird expected to be arrested as a spy after the Igor Gouzenko case became public in February, 1946. Rose was arrested, tried and imprisoned. In fact, as Weisbird says, he knew of Gouzenko's detection the day after the Soviet cipher clerk had fed the embassy "Lie low," he told his co-conspirators. "Don't talk. Nothing will happen." But when the government acted, the Canadian Communist Party was destroyed, a series of public revelations. The party leaders had miscalculated in their belief that they could all espionage against Canada with impunity. It was a terrible error and a terrible one.

The Strangest Dream shows better than almost any other book how the Canadian Communist Party and in the U.S.S.R. betrayed the idealism of its followers. One of the strengths of the strengths of the 1930s told Weisbird, "We had理想ism and sectarianism, but we also had a sense of community, a sense of international concern, friends who are still friends." All that remains of the strangest dream are memories.

—JL GRANATSTEIN

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John Mulroney or Brian Turner?

By Douglas Fisher

One afternoon just before Christmas I had several encounters which turned on leadership. Just off the HSR in the street I met a U of T student whom I had not seen in 20 years. He had gone into External Affairs, had become an ambassador in Ottawa. Shop talk etc had a good reputation for his group of European affairs in our exchange up until then as he had retired. His pleasure now were in philosophy—studying Husserl, Kant, etc. Did he value the foreign service? Yes, but it was good to be free of it, I asked. "Even at this time?" He looked puzzled. I said, "The peace pilgrimage and all that." "Oh, that. He shook his head, and the corners of his mouth went down in a grimace of disdain. Why? I thought a few more facts might be wanted by the interviewer.

"Come on," he said. "As a journalist you ought to know the department has done. It has three ministers, it's been plagued with trade, and the Prime Minister's Office keeps introducing with scherzo. But the irony aside, a country of our scale must work hard and consistently in the external world to be taken seriously. We've been bobbing around with the various enthusiasms of the Prime Minister. Disinterested, pseudo-intellectual and arrogant. I hope the man who follows him knows we have to earn again the substance Canada used had."

I left the door clamorous for a nearby coffee, there jumping into one of two far fewer dusty libraries. I thought it was bettering times. What a sour legacy they had left their successors. To my surprise, they were not far joking. There tickled out a "thin and new" of the deficit, the Canadian dollar, the unemployment percentage, the trade balance. Then justified with facts, they pushed on in what may be or should be. There had been too many years of structure-thinking and shoddy spending.

Their vehemence was fitting. They sketched an economy in shelves Jack Austin and Maurice Strong etc, taking Crown corporations as a "leading edge." For God's sake!

One said industry in a poor way. Of all things, our belief, forestry, being passed out of the U.S. and European markets. Trudeau, a persistent rocker for nationality, and Pfeiffer, Curtis and Awoyemi have played to this fancy

everywhere "manga." Reasons or reasons Central agencies abounding. Parliament without functional responsibility. The PM an interfering nuisance. Ministers watching their backs. Their deputies looking up and up to the vices and the PMO, fearing the next fashion in structures and how charts. And on and on! Debt piling up. Billions wasted!

Said the more dramatic of the two. "I shudder for my country."

I wanted to know who has been saying such things, clearly and with force. Beyond the walter general. "Are you speaking now, before or after you split?" You as insiders know the same than most how we've been misled. Has any top mandarin resigned over principle or issue? Or spoken out critically after resignations?

The second laughed a bit at my line. Their private sector means another pretenses goes with sharp talk.

"It's the media's job," said one. "It

We've been bobbing around with the Prime Minister's enthusiasms. Dilettantish, pseudo-intellectual, arrogant'

hasn't been done well. The country may be fed up with Trudeau but I'm afraid most Canadians don't appreciate how busy his government has been."

Surely it's never too late in my so-called life for you speak out!"

"Well, what about you? Get after it. You're not as forceful and hard as you used to be. And you've got the vehicle."

I asked then if they thought the next prime minister would be any better.

"You mean, John or Brian? Yes, either should be much better. Plains men, real guys?" Which was their preference? One said. "Turner's more experienced, perhaps a shade sharper. But Brian could be much better in handling people—ministers, the issues?" The other said. "We know them both well. Frankly, John Mulroney would have the cleaner slate to write on."

I left the ex-mandarins for an appointment with a practicing politician. What do we want? He wanted suggestions for "writers" and "experts" to work for a candidate in the Liberal leadership race. "Don't ask me what race or why or when. We'll only argue. There's some money and people and

purpose. I know you turned up a couple of good writers 15 years ago."

And so we brooded for a while on the scarcity of speech writers and authorities-like. How do you shake them loose for such chores? The quality case are always in demand. I couldn't contribute much so I got up to go. He had people waiting. I had to say it. Look, John Turner's the cliché, if he wants it. Why go against a stacked deck?

"Yes, he's truly to win. He's why we're in the race. We're going to take a run at him. You can see why. Surely? Bay Street? Big shorts? Some of us also shake as mere civilians, mere puns about the great leader. We can take it to him on policy, on issues, on how the party and the government and the House should run. Must we all abuse ourselves and let Turner reign? To hell with that. We'll kick him out. The party doesn't need a Mulroney cliché."

I waited. Afternoon. I had been unaware he had fed me with the Great Man syndrome of his party. Had he ever said it publicly? No nameless leeks had ever fingered him for taking to task the Prime Minister. Wasn't that the never-ending cause of the Liberal party? Hitler loyally to the leader? Why hadn't he spoken out? He had a safe one.

He looked at me. "You know damned well why. It isn't done. It's . . . It's almost impossible. Royal Holloway, Kierans and Eastwood? Or Perry Ryan and Ray Cook?"

But how were we to know? Or the public? You've never talked up the trimming of the leader's powers or shifting power back toward the ministry or the caucuses of the House. Only a random sketch at door speakers like Davy and Cesco. Why not?

A long pause. "Solidarity, I guess. You get into the habit of deferring. You know the guy at the top has no match on his plate. For the media, the leader's all important. And he gets away on you. All that. I'd be tempted. Almost impossible to criticize. At least in our party." He was galvanizing again. "God, the idea of nine pairs of leaders走路 makes me sick. It's ugly. With either Turner or Mulroney can't you just see more of it? Ugh! Deferring to Blue Eyes. No sir, we're going to toughen the great leader hunting."

Howling indeed! Yet how many of us realize it? How many of us will remember it?

Douglas Fisher is a syndicated columnist for The Toronto Sun in Ottawa.

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